

THE BETTER WAY

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE. SEEK AND YOU SHALL FIND IT.

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THE ROSTRUM.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Discourse Delivered by Mr. J. Clegg Wright before the First Society of Spiritualists at Adelphi Hall, New York, Sunday Morning, October 27, 1889.
Specially Reported for the Better Way.

OPENING REMARKS.

"Philip said unto the Lord, 'Show us the Father and it sufficeth us.' Jesus said unto him, 'Have I been so long with you and yet thou hast not seen me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and have sayest thou then, 'Show us the Father?'"

Probably no statement ever made by Jesus Christ was ever more misunderstood in the Western World than this. The controversies of ancient theology had turned upon it. The whole history of spiritual philosophy is involved in the discussion touching the nature and constitution of God. The greatest minds of the age have consumed their power in speculating upon the nature and character of the divine power. Religious controversies have divided men upon the question—divide men to-day. The greatest bitterness and passion have been introduced into these controversies, and when we come to look at them now apart from all the glamour of partisan feeling, and apply to them the scientific method, it is a waste of time. The whole thing is philosophical insanity, and one of the reasons why civilization, though so forward, and yet so backward, is this wasted time in discussing the nature and constitution of God. Men have believed that if they understood the problem they were all right. That a proper understanding of the constitution of God was necessary to happiness in future life. That if a man misapprehended God he jeopardized his future happiness; that if a man's opinions were wrong touching the nature of God and religion he could not be saved—he went to hell because of a mistaken opinion.

Now this was error, and what a terrible error it was! A nightmare sitting upon the religious intellect of man. Unless thy faith be wholly based upon a proper conception of revealed truth thy future happiness is not secure! A certain faith laid down by patent authority is the guide for those who are otherwise employed, and this bond of

authority must be accepted as truth. It was a solemn stand then, it is a solemn stand to-day. Is it true that our future happiness depends upon a right conception of the divine nature and character? If that be so, who will go to heaven? Who will enjoy the companionship of the infinite? Who will be those that will stand before the throne?

Now this is a serious issue. The world is deeply in earnest about it, deep earnestness characterizes human thought. There is a great deal of sham about Christianity, but there is a certain thing in it that is not a sham. Men are trying—there are honest men and noble men in the world trying to get a solid foothold, and it is a solemn demand which is made upon us and which we have to face. We say that we have a revelation from the spirit; then we are in the controversy, we cannot get out of it. We have by this personal, spiritual inspiration thus undertaken to correct the errors of past superstitions.

How beautifully though mystically the words of the Nazarene are thus expressed. He takes himself as the embodiment of the infinite. Men talked in that way. The Platonists talked in that way, the Buddhists talked in that way, that the soul of man is a spark of the infinite. Now this principle is adopted by Jesus Christ, it is not new at all. It was in Egypt and India thousands of years before this time. That the soul of man is a spark of the infinite soul is taught in Buddhism and modern theosophy. What this infinite soul is cannot be defined. The infinite is beyond the limitations of reason, and is often said that human reason and spiritual reason are the highest expressions of deity—God—working himself up into self-consciousness of man. Yet all this thought was involved in the primitive Platonic Christianity, and again has a form of expression in Emerson, in Goethe and in Thomas Carlyle. Thomas Carlyle, Goethe and Emerson are the children of the same inspiration. Thomas Carlyle is rugged, Goethe is universal and Emerson is beautiful, clear, simple in style, but transcendental and unscientific in thought. The doctrine of the Oversoul is poetry, it is a creation of the imagination—metaphysical—and all this kind of thought centres in what we read to you, "Philip said unto the Lord, 'Show us the Father.'" We cannot show you the Father, we can only show you what the Father is doing.

I like that word Father, and what do I mean by it? I mean by the Father all. All that power which in infinite nature is working and producing phenomena. I am the child, poetically speaking, of that power. That is, I am the phenomenon thrown out by this eternal power. Father God and Mother God are misleading terms. They are only poetical expressions, and when we mix poetry and accurate thought together we spoil accurate thought. Never forget that: that our Father is poetical. It stands for the powers of nature. And that this power in nature works like a machine. There is neither love nor mercy in it. These are qualities we attribute to acts that are pleasing unto us and in harmony with our constitution. Nature kills and makes alive—how beautiful and how grand is nature. But our ancestors made a personality out of this power: making quality into an entity. We are always doing it. And, when they had made that quality into an entity, they called it a personality; and this personality had infinite consciousness—reasoning capabilities—and they called it God. It was a mighty power in nature. And this God made natural affairs, and did this and that and did the other. That everything that happened in nature was providential.

Now all that is gone. We have risen above this doctrine of a providence. It lingers in the country lanes of New England, you may find it on the snow-capped mountains of Vermont, but down in Wall Street it is dead. These ideas are doomed to pass away with

more accurate thinking,—with the death of poetry in religion. Yet it is beautiful to have this poetry because it helps ignorance along. These religions are wonderfully useful. I want you to feel that error has its uses. Error is, sometimes, as useful as non-error. A man's capacity is the rule and standard of what he can take. Never forget that, a man's mind is the standard of what he takes mentally, just as a man's stomach is the standard of what he wants for his breakfast. Now, it would be a poor civilization that imposed upon everybody on a Sunday morning Boston baked beans; but it is just as ridiculous to swallow the Presbyterian God—Boston beans.

The intellectual capability of a population like this in New York is diversified with every form and state of mental grasp—and calibre, and the human brain will think and reason according to its circumstances of knowledge and organization. The function of imagination is the trouble. When you get a philosopher with too much imagination he fills the heavens with air balloons—he is a bad philosopher. He may be a good poet, but his poetry will be not correct; he sails out air balloons. Such a man was Andrew Jackson Davis, and such a man was Thomas Lake Harris. I don't criticize these men at all, but I merely mention the fact that their utterances are in perfect harmony with the organization through which they come. When you get an unbalanced organic brain you get mental phenomena accordingly. You get a brain where there is insanity of conception there is a confusion in methods. You get a brain that is insane on imagination and you get the most wonderful creations of fancy—top-sided projects. We are all more or less insane. We are, never thoroughly sane because we are none of us perfect. The sane condition is the perfect intellectual condition.

Well then, this great power has been the playground of metaphysical mountebanks in all ages, and with more correct work, more accurate thinking we shall slowly reduce the plane of mental action and see that this universe of phenomena are working according to established laws. And what a glorious achievement is that when the human mind can see the law, can see that the operations of nature are in order, and in perfect sequential unfoldment. And that the views and pictures men have made of this power producing natural phenomena are made from the imagination.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

There are quite a number of speculative opinions touching the nature and constitution of the human soul. Reason is confronted with many problems in the affirmation that the soul is naturally immortal, and as a spirit mingling in the spiritual atmosphere of the hall, I heard a quest made regarding immortality, and with your permission I will try to carry your thoughts along with me to a discussion of that interesting problem.

What is the meaning of the word immortal? Mortal means a limited time—limited in duration; im means not; immortal, not limited in time or duration. Then an immortal soul is an entity not limited in duration. This is put in the negative form, because human reason cannot speak or think of that which is beyond duration. Human reason must have limitations, and all this differentiation which touches the soul's entity and experience necessarily take the negative form. Hence we have the word "infinite," not limited "in," "m" and "e" mean not in Greek. Eternal not limited in time. The human mind can only speak of those problems which lie beyond reason in a negative sense, so that when we say the soul is immortal we put it in the negative form—the soul of man is not mortal. The picture does not mean that there never will come a time when the soul will cease to be. It does not affirm the sequential, non-ending existence of the soul, but it means that it is not a mortal

expression, and that it is negative in its form of utterance. The soul of man, as far as you are concerned, is an entity outside of our sensational consciousness, you have not perceived a soul, you have inferred a soul.

Let me define a soul. A soul is an entity which possesses instinct. What is instinct? Instinct is the unconscious, mechanical capacity to develop function. The soul has sensation, perception, inference, imagination, sentiment and passion, as attributes. We can only think of the soul in its attributes. The entity is perceived by its attributes, without these attributes this entity would not exist. We see the round building. Take away the round from the building and it ceases to be. A building like this may be built up of bricks, wood and mortar. Take the bricks, wood and mortar from the building and it is no longer a building. The building is constituted of parts and a certain arrangement of them constitutes the building. Destroy that arrangement and you destroy the building. The attributes of the building are form, capacity and details of arrangement in the structure of bricks, mortar and wood.

Now let us apply this illustration to the attributes of the soul. These attributes persist, they do not change. If the attribute drop out of the soul the soul itself would be destroyed. Take the root only from the plant, and the plant, ceases to exist; take perception from the soul and it is a soul no longer; take passion from the soul and it is a soul no longer. Its attributes persist, its attributes are inalienable. They constitute the phenomenal being. Take the qualities away from an atom of oxygen and the oxygen ceases to exist. Its habits persist, its attributes continue.

There are no elements in physical nature which think. There is an infinite difference between a thought atom or a thinking atom and a non-thinking atom. There are differentiations of infinite difference in soul and matter. That which defines matter will not define mind. I am taking the basis of this affirmation in human reason. If human reason be a standard for human reason, then the qualities which define mind cannot define matter. Matter cannot think. There is a matter (shall I say that?) which does think, and the qualities of that entity which thinks cannot be found in that entity which does not think. There is an infinite difference. The qualities of oxygen are different from the qualities of hydrogen. The qualities of chlorine are different from those of any other element. Now these elements in nature may be infinite in number. How do I know? It may be that the hypothesis that there is one being without parts—(now I am talking nonsense.) But you see the moment we leave experience we get there. But it is necessary that I look at the hypothesis of monotheism—one being. Let us look at it for a moment. That all atomic nature is modified action, correlated action, relative phenomena in one being, and that this modified action is a modification which occurs in the one being. And this modification in the one being constitutes the differentiation which we see in atomic nature in matter. And that it is the same thing in the atomic nature of magnetism, in the atomic nature of spirit. You see I affirm the existence of a magnetic entity, not a quality of matter; but that there is a kind of being I call magnetism, and that I will explain. Magnetism is a thing which has, more than matter, a sensational, developing conscious relativity to spirit.

Monotheism affirms that all being is the basis of phenomena. The same thought that developed Buddhism thousands of years ago. How little man does really acquire in the realm of speculation! This monotheism, by the differentiation of phenomena, throws off a thinking atom. What is a thinking atom? A thinking atom has the latent capability of expressing these qualities, attributes and functions which we see

in man to-day; they are in a certain stage of unfoldment. By a process of continuous unfoldment this atom is going on to higher unfoldment. Unfoldment is this: that a new phase of power is expressed by the atom when it comes into a new relation. When the soul stands related to an atom of manganese it crystallizes. When it comes into contact with iron it crystallizes in the mingling. The mythology of the ancient world and the transmutation of one being into another form of being is but a stage of this nature, and understanding this you understand the mysteries of mythology. This idea is very ancient, and has worked itself up into thousands of forms during the progress of the ages. That is unfoldment. Unfoldment takes place when there is a new relation. There is a billiard table, with three balls upon it. Strike the ball and it makes a carom, as you say, according to the law of motion, and the rebound is in perfect harmony with it. A new relation is created. Stating a fact, the molecules of the human brain receive a new impact, there would be a new molecular arrangement of the molecules, which would constitute a new relation in the soul world. When heaven's inspiration struck the brain of Edison it arranged the molecules as they had never been arranged before, and he saw the light—the electric light. It was a revelation, indeed an original birth.

Then take any of the conditions of evolution in organic life: they are the rearrangement and new relation of the thinking atom. The soul atom rises. As an atom it is never alone. It is never at liberty. It is ever in relation with some other, and rising into new relations and again new relations it becomes instinct. Now this soul atom has instinct. There is a power in this soul atom that has not yet come out of the instinctive realm. You cannot remember your fetal life, memory does not go back, mental capability does not range into that domain of your being. But you were as definitely personal in your fetal life as you are now. You were in different relation to phenomena, and you are in a fetal state even now. You are unconscious of the method by which you think in relation to brain, you are unconscious in relation to the animal functions of life. The heart's action is instinctive and mechanical. The laws of reproduction in the animal forms are instinctive and mechanical, the function and the pleasure are correlated, they are mechanical, they are independent of will. You cannot reason upon them because they are fundamental, they are instinctive. The instinctive quality of mind of the parent, altruistic love, for the offspring is necessary, it is the habit of the constitution of the reproducing machine. It is instinctive, you say. Instinct carrying on with unvarying procedure that which the organism is established to do. It is a mechanical action of the soul outside of consciousness.

Consciousness comes upon a small disc of the soul's plane only. There are five organic functions which transmit sensation to the soul and produce our acts of consciousness. Perception, if it merely constituted one attribute, would not lead to consciousness. If man had but one sense he would have no consciousness. Supposing it was feeling, it would not be consciousness. There is a sensitive plane to all classes of this life when touched, but the act is mechanical. A little babe will raise its arm to defend itself against danger, but it is almost entirely mechanical, in instinctive. Instinct is wonderful. It is not an act of consciousness that dictates the action of the child to seek its mother's breast, it is not consciousness, it is a mechanical impulse, higher than some forms, nearly approaching consciousness. Two sensations will make a perception possible, and when there is a perception there is consciousness (Let me put in here a parenthesis, because I can explain something) The endowment of entrancement

follows from the continuous persistence of one sensation. Mesmeric phenomena are produced, the sleep is produced by maintaining one sensation. If you can hold your mind to one sensation you lapse into coma, sleep, hypnotic states. One sensation produces unconsciousness. A certain kind of pain will be so intense that it will end in unconsciousness. The constitution of the nervous system can only stand a certain amount of pain before it lands you in unconsciousness, so that consciousness is relative, consciousness is dependent upon sensational phenomena, and when a soul passes from the body, unless it immediately takes up the conditions of consciousness it is not conscious. There are millions of spirits coming into the spiritual world which are not conscious immediately from this very cause. It is a fatal spiritual state, waiting for relative conditions to awaken the consciousness. It does not mean when I say soul that it is necessarily a conscious entity. It is a conscious entity when it has attained relations which provoke consciousness. But as nature's aggregations of capability increase by differentiation, this consciousness becomes persistent, and I will not hesitate to say perpetual, because the existing phenomena continue to evolve new and higher conditions of consciousness, relatively. We see this illustrated in the phenomena of living, organic nature. Man has not yet, in the state of physical nature, realized the fundamental form of the spiritual hypothesis, in solving the mysteries of organic nature. The physical student is only studying one part of being, you must have scientific investigation, analysis and discrimination in studying the phenomena. This is rather a striking thought, but I want you to understand, as far as you possibly can, that this entity is not essentially a conscious entity, but is a conscious entity due to its relativity, and this relativity is progressively persistent, and it is its function as a progressive soul life.

With relations always awakened the product would be the same. There would be no development, no growth; but these relations are never fixed. They vary, and the varying relations and conjunctions of the environments of the entity cause its progress. Its organic progress—because the latent capability finds new relations and infinite points of diversity. What infinite combinations we get out of the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet. With the twenty six letters you can almost make an infinite number of combinations, and when you come to consider that matter is only a mode of being, that spirit is another mode, and that these differentiated modes are capable of endless continuous combinations, you have a scientific foundation for the doctrine of universal progress. Not a theory, but a natural relativity of the atom. Consciousness, then, is one of the products of the relativity. But then you may say to me that there is a possibility that the man may cease to be conscious. Yes; he does cease to be conscious, and he remains unconscious until the relation of consciousness is made.

There are men passing into the spiritual world at this hour in an unconscious condition. Why? Because the magnetic sphere is imperfectly related to their spiritual unfoldment, and it requires the effort, the exterior effort of their spirits to awaken the relationship of consciousness. There are millions and millions of men passing out of earth life that never have this unconsciousness, because they have a more perfect psychical state, their relative spiritual nature is more complete. You see this is temperamental, it is not because a man does not pray that he goes into darkness. The Archbishop of Canterbury might sleep a thousand years, but hardly so long as that. A saint may have an unconscious condition in the spiritual world. Why? Because of

Written for The Better Way.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

BY JOHN WINTERKNECHT.

The Rev. M. J. Savage is not a Spiritualist, but is an able, honest seeker after truth. When he finds truth demonstrated to his satisfaction, he says so, uncaring consequences. He differs from ministers in general, for he thinks Spiritualism an important matter to settle, and in keeping with that idea, he has carefully investigated it and has been very hospitable to its claims, said farer words in its favor, and treated it with more attention and respect than any other minister that I can name, except the very few who have adopted it, and who have generally lost caste thereby. He is certainly the brightest and most scientific minister in this city, or New England, and, in my opinion, in any part of the country. He calls himself, or is, an agnostic, and though settled over a Unitarian church, is really the arch heretic of to-day, as Theodore Parker was in his day.

Mr. Savage has written a long article in the Forum, which THE BETTER WAY has copied in full, and it is very interesting, and a Spiritualist paper is the place for it. It is some of his experience in the facts of Modern Spiritualism. That they are facts which he states I am sure of, for I have experienced and witnessed similar. They are what would and did make me a Spiritualist, and it would take but little more to make him one. He may be one at heart already, and it may be wisdom for a man like him to wait for further demonstration. In conclusions people are differently constituted, and people's positions also affect their admitted conclusions. I believe it would have been vastly better for me, or my worldly interests to have believed and been silent about it. A man, says Mr. Savage, "don't enjoy being thought a fool." I am glad he does not own up being a Spiritualist, for I think he has a greater influence on the thought of the world from an outside hostile standpoint than he would as a come-outer. Like the Rev. John Pierrepont, whose brilliancy and influence went into eclipse when he became a Spiritualist. The time may come, is coming, when eminent men will not thus lose their influence in the world of letters, as Pierrepont did, but it has not come yet.

I am glad that Mr. Savage wrote that able and fair article, which he calls "Experiences with Spiritualism," glad as I have said, to see it printed in THE BETTER WAY. I am glad he stated facts but reserved his opinion. He says he has one on the subject and adds, "perhaps I shall find it no easy thing to keep it from peeping out somewhere between the lines." Well, I think it does peep out, in this and other articles by him, but I am going to keep my opinion of it to myself, and, as I have said before, I am glad for the sake of the cause that he does not acknowledge himself a believer, for he is doing as much or more good as a hospitable outsider with his popular pen and tongue than if he was inside of our camp.

I like that expression of his when he says, "a minister is expected to be able to help his parishioners in their practical difficulties, and as hundreds of people have applied to me for advice in these matters, I have felt that I ought to have an opinion for them, and not merely a prejudice." Now this is a worthy position for a minister to take, but how seldom do we find one of the class that will take it. Continuing he says: "While I have always hoped for a future life, and while I have always felt the force of all arguments so often presented, I have been compelled to confess that these arguments fall short of demonstration. For the sake of the vast interest involved, and the thousands who look to it for light, it has seemed to me that the problem ought to be competently investigated." Everybody will agree with Mr. Savage in this, but does he not overlook the fact that it has been competently investigated many times, both scientifically and otherwise, and every time the decision has been favorable to its claims, the parties were called in their dotage, or were deluded, and only when they reported against it, or made no report, did they hold their standing in public estimation.

I feel like saying this, what possible use are ministers or the pulpit but for a future life? I do not refer to Mr. Savage, who tells the truth as far and fast as he discovers it, but to the profession generally. Of course ministers have a faith, more or less weak, growing weaker year by year, based on the Bible, which has lost its word of godness to such an extent that we speak to day of the "eclipse of faith," and "that science has killed faith." Mr. Savage says a clean cut word on this point—this was in a discourse anterior to this Forum article; it reads thus: "I can conceive of evidence that might be regarded as satisfactory, and if such evidence was forthcoming I can see no reason why either religion or science should hesitate to accept it. As to religion, it would only be proof positive of her every-day assumptions." How true this is. Here are facts for investigation that claim to be sensuous proofs that man does not die but survives the death of the body; which, if true, would reproduce the foreword of faith again, a faith that the world wants and needs to-day, because it would be demonstrated knowledge. It is the strangest thing

in the world that ministers are generally inhospitable to the claims of Spiritualism, refuse it even a hearing, and in my opinion it is the only thing that will save the Christian Church, fast thinking in the atmosphere of reason and truth. What a true remark this is of Mr. Savage—which was also in a discourse reported anterior to the Forum article—where he says: "The gospels are anonymous, containing only hearsay evidence. We cannot trace one single witness to his home, find his name, his standing in the community, his carefulness as an observer, his knowledge of the facts. On such testimony as the New Testament provides us for its stupendous claim no modern court would convict a criminal of petty larceny, a thousand times more evidence in favor of spirit return in the modern world is offered by the despised and outcast body of Spiritualists."

Honest inquirers and Spiritualists can read this Forum article with profit. Mr. Savage as an honest seeker after truth, and hospitable even to the claims of this, as yet to him undemonstrated truth, has great opportunities to investigate this subject, and I know him to be a careful observer, treating it with profound respect, even where he doubts, as in duty bound, and I am sure what he has said is true, and can be relied upon literally. I say this for there are many people who will believe me when I say I have had similar experiences, not that Mr. Savage needs any endorsement from me, or any one else, but I want to call attention, with these experiences in mind, to another remark of his that has a bearing on the intelligence connected with the manifestations. The remark is this, "one fact, and one alone, can establish the claim of Modern Spiritualism, and that is, undoubted proof of the presence and activity, of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present."

People are differently constituted, some "catch on," as they say out West, quicker than others, and some are more slow and sure. Some jump quickly to conclusions and have regrets. Mr. Savage, when he is convinced, will stay convinced, as the eminent scientist Wallace has, and others. I should be a Spiritualist on the statements made by Mr. Savage. I might not want to be, but I would have to be. I am glad, as I have said, that Mr. Savage waits, and is doing good by his sermons and articles by waiting. I do not ask him where his doubt is, in some of the intelligence which lies back of some of his experience, because he has a right to his opinion, but I have had similar experiences, and I cannot find the solution in any extension of the powers of the human mind. This whole question rests on intelligence, and I feel as if I have had the "one fact, and one alone" that Mr. Savage says settles it, and it seems to me I should feel that I had it in the one fact he mentions, where the psychic said, "Why your aunt is here; she has already passed away; that cannot be, for she would have telegraphed me; she did so, and the spirit said she would find a telegram when she got home, &c." I can only say Mr. Savage must be very near the kingdom of heaven—or should say the kingdom of this truth—and perhaps near enough to do it justice, which is all Spiritualists want.

Written for The Better Way.

A LEAGUE FOR THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The increasing and constant demands of sectarianism for appropriations of public money has at last awakened the public to the imminence of the danger, which is no less than the subversion of the public schools, and substituting in their stead those under sectarian influence. A league has been formed and incorporated under the laws of New York for the avowed purpose of preventing the appropriation of money by the nation or State, for sectarian purposes, and especially in aid of sectarian schools. In furtherance of this object an amendment to the constitution similar to that proposed by General Grant in 1876 is being prepared for presentation to Congress the coming session.

The League has some strong names. The Hon. John Jay, who temporarily fills the office, will be elected President. Charles B. Chapin is temporary Secretary, and William Allen Butler is Chairman of the Law Committee. Besides Mr. Jay, the managers named in the certificate of incorporation are the Rev. James M. King, Peter Donald, Prof. H. J. Boyeson, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, John D. Slayback, Churchill H. Cutting, Warner Van Norden, James M. Montgomery, William H. Parsons, William Fellows Morgan, George S. Baker, Charles E. Whitehead, Constant A. Andrews, Peter A. Welch, Alexander E. Orr, A. J. D. Wedemeyer, Manual A. Kersheed, J. M. Keen, F. P. Bellamy.

One of the incorporate members said to a reporter of the New York Times: "The manifestation of a growing desire to secure appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes has alarmed thoughtful men all over the country and given rise to the movement which has resulted in the organization of the League. We are not inimical to sectarian schools, but to their establishment or support by public funds. So long as they maintain themselves they give us no concern. I may say also that we have many liberal Catholics with us, the effort to keep children of Catholic parents out of the public schools having aroused a strong opposition among the members of that church. Nor are we any more favorably disposed to Protestant schools. We are against sectarianism."

Local Leagues are to be established throughout the country, and a determined and united effort made to secure such enactments as shall be forever free from sectarian influence. We always greet with approval every effort from

whatever source, to make this government what it purports to be, free from church influence. Although the movement under discussion, receives its animus from the hereditary Protestant hatred of Catholicism, which prefers to receive no benefits if Catholic share with it, we will not, too carefully look into the causes, if the results are satisfactory.

The movement is indicative of the set of the tide of public sentiment, and whether successful or unsuccessful in its present form, it is self evident that the very existence of the public schools depends on their emancipation from sectarian influence. The Protestant must withdraw with his prayers and Protestant Bible, if he expects the Catholic priest and Catholic Bible.

The public schools cannot be converted into Protestant Sunday schools, and the Catholic expected to pay his taxes without a protest that will be felt at the polls.

There should be an enactment so strong and unmistakable that no priest of any denomination should be allowed to teach in a public school. The collegiate training for that profession should bebar from the high office of teacher, instead of as now being a recommendation. The law should also exclude sectarianism in the form of Chaplains from the legislative halls, public institutions and the army. If Congress is to have a chaplain, why not have a Catholic priest as well as a Protestant? That demand will be made, and that directly, or the chaplaincy, which is an anachronism and a mockery must be abolished.

If the schools open with prayer, a Catholic priest has as much right to make the prayer as a Protestant. The farce should be abolished before the demand is made.

Written for The Better Way.

CONTROLLED BY LAW, YET RESPONSIBLE.

BY ELIZA LAMB MANTY.

Man is the product of law, and is no more responsible for being what he is than is he responsible for being at all. His nationality, individuality and organization were selected without any volition of his. He moves in a certain channel perforce, a channel whose embankments are carved from hard circumstance, whose smooth outline governs the peaceful flow of life's current, or whose rough and jagged edges fret the waters into fitful eddies and angry foam. Science has silenced the voice of free moral agency, and the result is not deleterious to him. It is a stimulus to greater effort—effort that co-operates with the law that governs and propels, efforts that co-operate with nature, or God.

Man's intellectual horizon is widening, and older ideas fade away in the stronger light of wisdom. The universe, which was once supposed to be just large enough to conveniently hold our earth with the sun, to give it light by day, and its moon and stars to serve it in the same capacity by night, has stretched itself out into gigantic and infinite proportions. Human conceit veils her face, and man is forced into his proper place. Hesings no more,

"For me seas roll, and suns to light me rise,
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

He dimly comprehends that some grand purpose underlies the arrangement of systems, the formation of suns, the evolving of worlds. A purpose larger than he can grasp, larger than himself even. He stands no longer the central figure in the vast universe, or outside of it, waging a warfare with it. His larger thought subdues his rebellious spirit by lifting him up on to the higher ground, and with feelings of deepest awe he exclaims, "Here, Lord, am I, what wilt thou have me do."

The moment he gives utterance to the prayer the windows and doors of his soul are thrown open, and divine wisdom flows in, suited to his understanding and to his degree, of development. A ray of light from the great Over-soul makes the grand purpose of the whole more prominent, and he reasons if a plan so incomprehensible underlies the grand universe, some part of that plan must be involved in each separate system, sun, world and man. Hence enlarged understanding does not lessen responsibility but intensifies it.

Every atom in this vast universe has its own individual mission to perform, which in its relation to the whole is as proportionately important as the largest sun is in the grand symphony each creature has its separate part to play, and when each has learned perfection in his domain, the blending of the whole will produce the perfect harmony from whose rhythmic measures the great purpose that has struggled and propelled through all the years will evolve, a complete, sublime, and perfect oratorio worthy of the ages of effort it cost.

Educated mediums, whose moral characters are above reproach, and whose lives are blameless, who will be able not only to let higher intelligences speak through them, but who are themselves competent to give an intelligent reason for the hope that is in them, will be an incalculable blessing to the world, and—what in comparison is, after all a trivial matter—will make the name of Spiritualist respected. This can not be accomplished, however, either with or without the aid of the spirit world unless we have within us a profound sense of the solidarity of mankind, and a strong desire to lift a little of the heavy burden of woe that oppresses our race.

—Two Words of England.

"LIGHT."

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In reply to the question of the editor Light—"Who can tell me the authentic legend?" I would say, I know of nothing more authentic than that contained in a book called "The Bible in India," translated from "La Bible Dans L'Inde," by Louis Jacollot. After stating in his own words the creation of the first pair Adima and Heva, and setting them in the Island of Ceylon, the author gives the following legend of their mission, and fall, which he says is a simple translation of the text, and which I copy verbatim as follows:

Your mission is confined to peopling this magnificent island, where I have gathered together everything for your pleasure and convenience; and to implant my worship in the hearts of those to be born. . . . The rest of the world is as yet uninhabitable; if hereafter the number of your children so increase as to render this habitation insufficient to contain them, let them inquire of me in the midst of sacrifice, and I will make known my will. Adima then turned towards his young wife . . . who stood before him, erect and smiling in her virgin candor.

Clasping her in his arms, he gave her the first kiss of love in softly murmuring the name Heva.

"Adima!" softly whispered the woman as she received the kiss. . . . Night was come. The birds were silent in the trees. The Lord was satisfied, for the birth of love had preceded the union of the sexes. Thus had Brahma willed it to teach his creatures that the union of man and woman without love would be but an immorality, contrary to nature and to his law. Adima and Heva lived for some time in perfect happiness—no suffering came to disturb their quietude; they had but to stretch forth their hand and pluck from the surrounding trees the most delicious fruits, but to stoop and gather rice of the finest quality.

But one day a vague disquietude began to creep on them—jealousy of their felicity and the work of Brahma, the prince of the Rakchasas—the Spirit of Evil inspired them with disturbing desires. "Let us wander through the island," said Adima to his companion, "and see if we may not find some place even more beautiful than this."

Heva followed her husband; they wandered for days and for months, resting beside clear fountains, under gigantic banyans that protected them from the sun's rays. . . . But as they advanced the woman was seized with strange inexplicable terrors: "Adima," said she, "let us go no further; it seems to me that we are disobeying the Lord. Have we not already quitted the place which he assigned us for a dwelling?" "Fear not," said Adima, "this is not that fearful, uninhabitable country of which he spoke to us." And they journeyed on. Arriving at last at the extremity of the island, they beheld a smooth, narrow arm of the sea, and beyond it a vast and apparently boundless country, connected with their island by a narrow and rocky pathway arising from the bosom of the waters. The two wanderers stood amazed; the country before them was covered with stately trees, birds of a thousand colors flitting amidst their foliage. "Behold what beautiful things!" cried Adima; "and what good fruits such trees must produce? Let us go and taste them, and if that country is better than this we will go and live there."

Heva tremblingly besought Adima to do nothing that might irritate the Lord against them. "Are we not well here? Have we not clear water and delicious fruits? Wherefore seek other things?" "True," replied Adima, "but we will come back; what harm can it be to visit this unknown country, that presents itself to our view?" and approaching the rocks, Heva tremblingly followed. Then placing his wife upon his shoulders, he proceeded to cross the space that separated him from the objects of his desires. But no sooner did they touch the shore than trees, fruits, birds, all they had seen from the opposite side, vanished in an instant amidst terrific clamor; the rocks by which they had crossed sunk beneath the waters, a few sharp peaks alone remaining above the surface to indicate the place of the bridge, which had been destroyed by divine displeasure. The vegetation which they had seen from afar was but a delusive mirage, raised by the prince of the Rakchasas to tempt them to disobedience. Adima threw himself, weeping, upon the naked sands, but Heva came to him, and threw herself into his arms, saying, "Do not despair; let us rather pray to the author of all things to pardon us." And as she thus spoke there came a voice from the clouds, saying: "Woman, thou hast only sinned from love to thy husband, whom I had commanded thee to love, and thou hast hoped in me. I pardon thee, and him also, for thy sake! But you may no more return to the abode of delight which I had created for your happiness. Through your disobedience to my commands, the Spirit of Evil has obtained possession of the earth. Your children reduced to labor and to suffer by your fault will become corrupted and forget me. But I will send Vishnou,

who shall incarnate himself in the body of a woman, and shall bring to all the hope and the means of recompense in another life, in paying to me to soften their ills." They arose consoled, but ever after subjected by painful labor to obtain subsistence from the earth.—Ramatsarlar, Texts and Commentaries on the Vedas.

This was written long before our Bible and shows that the doctrines of the fall of man, and original sin originated with the Hindus and the legend for it is nothing but a legend! In our Bible is but an imperfect copy; and it is a relief to read the original, because it charges the first transgression not to the woman, who has the most spiritual organism, but to the man, whose superior strength was not spiritual but material, and therefore the most liable to transgress the divine command. If our orthodox brethren think that we do injustice to the Scriptures, which they take as "an unerring rule of faith and practice," we would remind them that they take literally what is, always was, and all ways will be, allegorical, forgetting that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" and by so doing they bring discredit upon what was intended, when spiritually understood, to teach a great truth. When, for instance, they take it as literally true that the sun and moon stood still for a whole day, do they not justly incur the dissent of all scientific minds. I will state but one other instance to sustain this position. The second coming of Christ, personally and bodily, was looked for from time to time ever since his ascension, and is being looked for yet even, by a large class of the most respectable and orthodox Christians, outside of what is called the Second Adventists. This shows how stupid they are in regard to the real spiritual meaning of these Scriptures, which they talk so much of as being divinely inspired, and yet do not give them as fair an interpretation as they would Shakespeare, or Walter Scott's novels, or any other literature. Those they understand according to the meaning and intent of the writer; but the Bible they misunderstand, according to their own materialistic, unspiritual and superstitious ideas. They expect the Christ to come personally, bodily, and literally, and establish a kingdom and reign over it, just as his mistaken disciples did before they received the spirit on the day of Pentecost. And there are the men who fight against our glorious spiritual dispensation, which is a part of the second coming of the Christ spirit, which has been going on since the pentecostal out-pouring of the spirit of which his disciples were the mediums, and will go on until every one of those churches which oppose it are either spiritualized or destroyed, and that "not by might, nor by power; but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

The Bible is all right, if it was rightly understood, and if it was otherwise than it is, it would not be a correct history of human progress; and the man who can take it as authority for a physical resurrection, a vicarious atonement, and an eternal hell, has no more sense than the man who can find in it authority for a harem. Jesus spoke in parables, but he says, "the words that I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life," and I am persuaded that if the Bible was understood in its true light there would be less objection than there is; but its legends, its allegories and its parables, must all be interpreted by their true spiritual meaning; even then, we are not bound to receive them as absolute truth. The legend we have quoted was clearly intended to show the origin of evil, and I, for one am of the opinion that it and the origin of man are alike in obscurity.

P. S.—Since the above was written another number of Light has come to hand, in which a correspondent denies the authenticity of the legend which we copied. We have given it with the authority on which it is founded, and have nothing more to say. Let those decide who can read Sanscrit, and have access to the books. No doubt some would like to deny it, because it clashes with our Bible; but the lover of truth will have no bias in that direction. R. N.

Written for The Better Way.
MAN IS NOT A FREE MORAL AGENT.
DR. H. H. BRIGHAM.

As man is, Love and Belief are the two, and only two, main springs to all his action. They control him absolutely, for he is perfectly submissive and obedient to all their commands. Love is an instinctive and inherent principle in his nature, and manifests itself in early infancy; and the mother's love for that child is a principle indelibly stamped upon her nature, and is no more a matter of choice with one than with the other. Neither is the love that exists between the sexes an emotion that can be taken up or laid aside at will. He can express his love or not as he chooses, may be added here. Granted, but what is the cause that controls the expression of it? It is his belief, and when belief is stronger than love, it will control and hold it in submission, and if persistent enough may eventually cause love to die out altogether and the character is injured and weakened. But on the other hand, if his belief approves and sanctions his love, no power on earth or above it will hinder its exercise.

If belief and love are at warfare, the stronger will conquer, but if they act harmoniously and in concert, the entire nature is strengthened, and the man develops into the most perfect character of which his nature is capable.

Belief is no more controlled by the will than is love. Belief in every channel of thought is the result of evidence,

or that which is accepted as such, and is subject to change as new evidence dawns upon him.

The belief in a hell of endless torture unless a man complied with certain conditions was forced upon him by imposed evidence, and has accordingly governed his actions. Later evidence, or that which is accepted as such, determines this old belief in endless punishment, and we see a new belief spring into existence that begins at once to exercise its power over the human mind, and he is as much a slave to the new thought as he was to the old. He has no choice in the matter. He is absolutely controlled by one force or the other, either by his love or his belief, which entirely puts to rout the theory of free moral agency. Man has grown to that plane yet where he is a free moral agent. He must become thoroughly acquainted with the results of causation, and understand and master the forces that govern and control the universe, before he can become possessed of unlimited power over right and wrong. It is man's ignorance that lays claim to free moral agency, and it will retire into the shade as the light of wisdom dawns upon his horizon.

HM! HM!

To the Editor of The Better Way.

"If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To know thy Better Way."

If all the conductors of Spiritual journals would be as careful to make practical the spirit of the above invocation as is the editor of the weekly deservedly called THE BETTER WAY, scientific men would more willingly acknowledge the claim of our occult phenomena to their investigation.

Journalists of every kind are more or less liable to be inveigled by designing men into the publication of what may damage the cause they are aiming to sustain, but some of them, unwilling to admit that the axiom, "To err is human" applies to them individually, refuse to retract, while others will smother their columns, damage the morals and jeopardize health and life of their readers for sordid money-making purposes alone.

Not so with THE BETTER WAY. An advertisement was summarily dropped as soon as its character and the fraudulent history of the inventor of its outlandish gull catching terminology were considered, thereby protecting us from the disgrace Spiritualism would have suffered by its continuance in a respectable paper.

I imply above that there is an unwillingness on the part of the learned to inquire whether our phenomenal facts are really what honest believers claim. And this is not strange. When curiosity invites their attention to a newspaper accepted as an organ of the spiritual fraternity, and their eyes are met by advertisements of prescriptions claiming to emanate from the spirit world, and a sovereign remedy for all the ills to which the flesh is heir, they very naturally conclude that if this Spiritualism they want none of it, and close the paper.

By reading further, they might have learned that our great truths are not only acknowledged by many leading scientists, and that no less a man in the scientific world than A. R. Wallace unqualifiedly declares that the facts of Spiritualism are as well authenticated as any fact in science, and he adds that all other discoveries dwindle into insignificance when compared with this stupendous one which unveils to man his immortality.

Mr. Editor, you are not to understand that I am writing in defense of the medical profession, as did a correspondent of another paper, nor to discredit those who cite the authority of St. Paul to sustain their claim to the "gift of healing," but I confess to a want of language sufficiently opprobrious to express my disgust and execration that every honest Spiritualist unavoidably feels for the impostors who claim to be one of us, and that for the sole purpose of pecuniary gain, even at the expense of health and life of the credulous.

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Woman's National Liberal Suffrage Association.

To LIBERAL THOUGHT WOMEN:

Arrangements have been perfected for organizing a woman's liberal association of a national character, whose aims shall be two-fold. First, women's political enfranchisement is slow in advancing, because the existing societies are no longer progressive. The tendency towards conservatism, apparent for some time, has now reached the point where it has become imperative that a new society should be formed of women, brave and far-seeing enough to say of the church that it is the bulwark of women's slavery, as the old Abolitionists did in regard to negro slavery. Second, the Christian party in politics, composed of both Catholics and Protestants, whose aim is a union of church and state, was never as aggressive—never as sure of success as at present. One of its most efficient aids, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at its recent Chicago convention, resolved that Christ is the king of nations, and as such should be recognized in our government and laws. This resolution is of the same general character as the platform of the National Reform Association, a body largely flattered by clergymen whose avowed purpose is an amendment to the constitution which shall change the secular nature of our government, substituting clericalism in its stead.

It is time the liberal women of the country united, not alone to work for their own enfranchisement, but also to arouse public thought to a sense of the impending danger to free institutions and a destruction of liberty, both political and religious. A convention for this purpose will be held in Washington, D. C., February 24th and 25th. Persons in sympathy with this plan are invited to correspond with

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE,
Fayetteville, N. Y.

OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In issue of Dec. 7th I notice an article headed, "The Moon a Dead World." The idea of defunct worlds and moons; also the idea that Mars, and some of the moons of Jupiter, are the only habitable worlds in our "solar system," is so ludicrous to me, so antagonistic to progression's law, that I feel called upon to advance a few ideas as set forth in the "Hollow Globe" theory. Proctor says the moon is dead, and that our earth is on the decay, and is approaching the sun, and will eventually fall on that luminous body. It is also claimed that the outer planets are dead, barren worlds, going their eternal rounds in total darkness, frozen worlds, wrapped in the icy embrace of king frost, plodding along in the stillness of death, without a blade of grass or a flower to beautify them, without an insect, frog, bird or a human being to accompany them upon their solitary journey. "Oh, solitude! where are thy charms?" Such is the accepted theory in regard to the outer planets. This is the frozen, dead part of our "solar system," and must be so, it is claimed, on account of their remarkable distance from the sun.

Now let us come a little nearer home. Mercury, nearest the sun, we are told is scorched to cinders, and things are frying a little on Venus. They are not inhabited, says the popular theory. No grass, flowers or animated life on their radiant, kindred, burnt surfaces; yet they are going their rounds, kept within the bounds of duty. We will now come home and examine our earth. We find its surface divided into land and water. The land mostly covered with grass, vegetation, flowers, forests, houses, villages, cities; its surface teeming with insects, crawling things, birds, four-legged and two-legged animals. We find steamboats plowing its mighty rivers, and riding o'er the billows of old ocean, from continent to continent; and take it all in all, it is quite a live, busy world. Sweet flowers, trees of nice foliage to beautify it, birds with fine plumage piping forth their melodious songs, and man with his genius to accompany it, as it swings in its orbit around the central sun. Why this difference? Does it not look like a work of chance? Methinks I can see poor Neptune shivering in the cold, and hear things sizzling, stewing, frying and boiling upon the red-hot surface of dried up Mercury, while our earth is the lucky one. Lucky for us that we were born on the planet earth. If we had been born on Neptune we would have become frozen statues of ice; and, on Mercury, we would have been fried into grease and scraps.

Our lucky earth, what a blessing for us! It gets pretty cold in winter and hot in summer; but we can stand it quite well, and it's the best world we ever lived in. Now came Neptune to be so far from the sun as to freeze, and Mercury so close as to boil, and the earth just the right distance? We have often asked how Neptune got so far away, and have been told that God threw it there, (the Jewish God, of course); but just why he should tug away, make Neptune out of nothing, then give him such an outrageous thing as to land him so far away as to cause him to be totally unfit for business, is an unsolved mystery.

Again, why did he not use a little more elbow grease when he tossed Mercury out? How did he happen to get our earth just about in the right spot? I don't believe that fellow we read about in Genesis done it at all. The sun, the primaries and secondaries which swing around her, all the worlds and systems throughout the boundless universe, must have been formed by natural law, and we shall proceed to show that nature does not work in any such haphazard way as to produce a live world, then by the same laws it decays and dies. Astronomers claim that the moon was once as live as anybody, but is now a vast cemetery of the dead. It is admitted that the moon is an outgrowth of our earth, a child of earth, if you please.

Let me ask you would-be thinkers, philosophers and sages, did you ever know the daughter to get beyond the power of reproduction before the mother did? That is just what is claimed for the moon. It once sustained human beings, but cannot produce or sustain life any more. It played out before its mother earth did. This appears to the writer like supreme folly, to say the least.

We will now take up progression's law and see what it has done, is still doing and must continue to do. We will compare our "solar system," the planets and their moons to a family of children and grand children. The sun is the mother, and gave birth to Neptune first, and in her childhood days swung around quite near its mother, and getting out a little at each revolution around the parent sun. Should it get out only the thickness of a gold leaf at each revolution, there has been time enough in the past for her to get out to the great distance of three billions of miles. Uranus being born next, then Saturn, and likewise to Mercury. Some astronomers claim to have discovered another planet forming between Mercury and the sun, which they have named Vulcan. These planets, when old enough, give birth to worlds which we call moons; thus the sun has children and grandchildren the same as earthly parents. Thus the new theory claims our "solar system" was formed. Please contrast the two, and see which is most in harmony with progression's law.

By the new theory some planets are not burnt to cinders, others frozen to death, and still others dying; and finally the entire system will play out, sun and all, good-bye, solar system.

Such will be the fate of our system and all planetary systems in the universe, according to the accepted theory. If the outer planets, their moons as well as our moon is dead, what has become of progression's law so far as they are concerned. By the new theory we behold the law of progress doing its work, the planets getting out, developing, unfolding, ever progressing. The new formed planet being quite close to its parent sun, the same as the little child. As the planet gets older it gets farther from its mother, as the child is permitted to do. The accepted theory says the outer planets are dead, too far from the sun to receive any benefit from her. We say no, they have become of age, able to transact business independent of the parent, the same as the child of twenty-one. The only difference between the child and its big brother is the difference in their ages and unfoldment. We say the only difference between the sun, Mercury, Neptune and our moon is their ages and development. The same law that developed the men of our day from babyhood, will develop the babies to full grown men and women. The sun was once dependent upon her mother (alcione) but, by the law of unfoldment, she has become self luminous. The law of an atom is the law of a mountain. The law which developed the sun to her self luminous condition, has, no doubt, long ere this, developed the outer planets to a self luminous condition; hence, they are not dependent on their mother for light and heat. Venus and Mercury have no moons, simply because they are not old enough to fulfill the law of reproduction, neither is the little girl of ten years old.

The moon is said to be dead; cannot sustain animal life for want of an atmosphere. We are told that the atmosphere of Jupiter is more dense than ours, and that we would weigh more upon her surface than we do here. This is no doubt true, and is in harmony with the law of progressive unfoldment. Jupiter being older than our earth, and a more dense atmosphere, so our earth, being older than Mercury, her atmosphere would be still less dense, so rare, as not to obscure the appearance of a star the instant it passed from between us and a star beyond. They tell us the moon was inhabited, had an atmosphere, was alive and well, and that it was formed, propelled around its mother, attending to its business, by natural law. Now it's dead. Progression's law, which made the moon able to sustain vegetable and animal life, has, I suppose, withheld her power, ceased to be eternal, and a dead moon is the result. Dead moons, dying, dead worlds. What nonsense. Away with such flummery. The moon is going its rounds, is it not? I saw her this evening, and she looked to be alive, hearty and well. We behold her in her fullness, pushing her modest face up the Eastern horizon, shedding her pale rays over this portion of the globe; yet she is dead. If she is dead, how and by what power is it propelled around the earth? Might as well tell me the young robin will continue to fly around its mother after it is dead. Please consider what an eternal law of progressive unfoldment means. Take a broad, comprehensive view of the eternal law of unfoldment; for by this law our earth will give birth to more moons, Venus and Mercury (lovely children they are) will give birth to moons when old enough, and our moon (which they call dead, but not buried) will yet give birth to moons, and her children will give birth to others, and she (our moon) will become the center of a system, and grand daughter of the sun, that she now is, will also become grand-mother in time.

Thus, by an eternal, progressive law are systems formed, and propelled around their common centers, thus will they ever continue to be formed. Instead of dead and dying worlds, they will continue to unfold, and the inhabitants upon their surfaces will unfold to keep pace with them. It is said our world is on the decay. Aye, believe it not, she is not half dead yet. She will give birth to other moons, until her frigid zones are unlocked, and where king frost now holds sway, will be cities, towns and hamlets, fields of waving grain, gardens of flowers, and birds of melodious song will be there to cheer the inhabitants of that far distant day, which must and will come. The eternal law of progress will continue to give birth to worlds, and to keep alive all moons and planets and cause them to unfold, and thus will our universe, planets and moons, as well as the people upon their surface, progress on and on, to higher and finer conditions, but never reaching perfection.

A. ALLEN NOR.

Starved Nerves and Famished Teeth.
In may not be generally known that the same element required to nourish the bones, are also equally necessary for the maintenance of the nervous tissues of the body, the brain, and the nerves. Bad nerves and bad teeth are neither infrequent nor an accidental combination of ailments. The same conditions of body which lead to lowered nerve tone, lead to decay of the teeth, whether the cause be a disturbance of digestion which prevents the proper assimilation of the "salts" (the bone and nerve building elements of body), or a deficient supply of these important elements in the dietary. Premature decay of the teeth is an ominous outlook for an individual; it means premature decay of brain and nerves as well; it means an early loss of the energy and buoyancy of youth. In view of these facts, there is a sad future before the American people. The condition of the teeth of the average American is such that it has been ascertained that a hundred years hence, at the rate at which deposits of gold in human teeth are now taking place, there will be found more gold in the cemeteries of the United States than in the mines of Colorado. However this may

be, certain it is that the young man or woman of twenty who has thirty two, or even twenty-eight, sound teeth is an exceptional individual. Plenty of boys and girls of sixteen or seventeen years are wearing artificial teeth.

It is worth while to inquire into the cause of this premature decay. There are, doubtless, two important causes, overlooking several minor ones. These are, first, the introduction of superfine preparations of the grains in modern times; and second, the general physical decline of the race. That portion of the grain which until within a few years the farmer fed to his hogs contains in largest proportion the elements needed for the nourishment of brains and bones. It is no wonder, then, that the farmer raised fine hogs and puny children. The accumulated effects of this starvation of the body, as regards the class of elements needed for teeth and nerves, for several generations back, is now seen in the premature decay of these structures. Dentists and lunatic asylums flourish and multiply beyond all precedent. The peripatetic dentist is no longer seen. He finds work enough at home. The victims of crumbling grinders are not widely scattered through communities, but constitute the majority.

The remedy for this state of things, so far as food is concerned, is to be found in the use of whole-grain preparations. Oatmeal, unbolting wheat flour, known in this country and Germany as graham flour, whole-wheat flour, rye and corn bread, and the legumes, peas and beans, afford salts in abundance. But these foods must be digested and assimilated as well as eaten. The American disease, dyspepsia, is doubtless largely dependent on the general lowered nerve tone of the American people, which is a natural result of a century of high-pressure living, and is a great obstacle in the way of the improvement of our famished teeth and nerves. Salts cannot be assimilated until they have first been digested. A first step toward improved digestion will be in the abandonment of tea, ices, pastry, greasy foods, and the adoption of simpler habits in diet. Then we must have more out-of-door exercise, more muscle work, and less excitement of brains and nerve. We do not say less brain work, but less excitement, less worry, less indulgence in such nerve-exhausting recreations as balls, theaters, horse racing, and progressive euchre parties.

We are often told that "the world moves." Assuredly it does. It moves too fast. It rushes, it whirls, it gyrates like a western cyclone. We should be grateful if some one would tell us, and support the assertion by facts, that "the world pauses;" at any rate, that its headlong destructive speed is slowing down a little. Our teeth are crumbling to atoms under the pressure of our bad habits, dietetic and otherwise; our nerves are snapping with the tension of our stimulated life; our brains are reeling with the intoxication of excitement. It is time for us to pause, and give attention to the requirements of nature's simple laws, before we become a soft-brained and toothless race. --Good Health.

Talmage.

Talmage certainly has oratorical power, and his oratory is unique. He is an actor and he knows how to play the part of the clown. He has art and says things which amuse by their very extravagance. His wit is coarse, but for this very reason it is effective with the average audience. He possesses imagination and is something but not much of a poet. His similes, tropes and illustrations are often ridiculous, but they are his own. His originality is in expression and manner, not in thought. He is incapable of abstract reasoning and he never tires his audience with philosophical ideas. There is nothing abstruse about him. He is concrete in thought and method. He thinks like a child and has childish views. He is emotional and religious by nature. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity—to question his honest belief in the doctrines he preaches. For the kind of work he does he receives a large salary it is true, but liberals have no right for this reason to question his honesty. Men do not generally preach what they do not believe when they can be popular and make money by preaching what they do believe.

Talmage's main deficiency is lack of intellectual integrity. His sermons are based largely of distortions of facts, of absurd stories, of evasions and exaggerations and of downright falsehoods. He is not a learned man, but he knows enough to know that many of his statements are untrue. He indulges in lying, and I believe no doubt that he believes that he is justified in lying, that it is approved of God, since it is in the interests of religion. With the fathers of the early christian church it was justifiable when used in the interests of their faith, and with many this is a practical belief to day.

Talmage is an illustration of what is true beyond dispute, but of which so few comparatively have a clear idea, viz: that religion and regard for truth, that religion and a faith disposition, that religion and honorable and scrupulous methods, have no necessary connection, and in many and often do exist apart from each other. --B. F. Underwood.

Criminals Reformed.

No wonder criminals are ready to repeat the offense, for they are fed on thoughts of crime continually during their term of imprisonment. Most of the managers of prisons took upon the inmates with contempt and hatred, and practice all manner of cruelties for infraction of prison discipline. The worst in their natures is cultivated, to the entire exclusion of the good.

It is possible to turn penitentiaries into such reformatories that it will be impossible for one to commit crime after leaving its protecting and educating care. But its managers would have to be living teachers—that is, persons who live and are a part of the harmonious truth they would impart. --The Universal Republic.

A Fact

WORTH knowing is that blood diseases which all other remedies fail to cure, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I was by an advertisement in a Chicago paper, that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months. I am now able to say that it effected a complete cure, and that I have since had no return of the disease."

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CINCINNATI - - - JANUARY 18, 1890

A. F. MELCHERS - - - - - EDITOR

At Two Dollars per Year to subscribers in the United States; Two Dollars and a half to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application. In the United States this paper will be sent \$12.00 per year in advance. The paper will not be sent to any address unless the name of the subscriber is given. The paper is published for the benefit of its many readers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.

When the post-office address of The Better Way is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address. Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as The Better Way goes to press every Wednesday.

NOTICE!

All communications pertaining to either the editorial or business department of this paper, or letters containing money, to reach us, and under which condition only we can assume responsibility for the same, must be addressed and money orders made payable to THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., South West Corner of Plum and McFarland, CINCINNATI, O.

All life is the effect of love, for love is God.

False economy often becomes the worst extravagance.

Those who seek reasons to be offended are not worth apologizing to.

Those who have too much love for self can have none left for others.

We don't need money so much as the strength or the will to do good.

Purity leads to light by inspiration—self control to power through psychological potency.

Exposing a wrong to gratify self, man neither serves the public nor benefits himself, either materially or spiritually.

To attain love or happiness is the intuitive aim of every soul. Man reaps what he sows and to attain it therefore he must dispense it.

When you have a burden to carry make up your mind to do it gracefully or without complaint and half of the weight is taken from it at once.

Be charitable for your own sake if not for others' sake. It makes your spirit friends weep to see you retreating by calumniating a brother mortal.

It so aggravates some people not to be able to find fault with those they dislike that they will invent something rather than let them be passed as perfect.

If you are sick and need sympathy just try and sympathize with someone else that needs it. Like attracts like. What we give to man we get from nature in return.

It is very uncharitable to denounce a man, who after years of rectitude in a moment of weakness does a wrong, thus robbing him of laurels which he has not forfeited.

"I begin the new year by saying you are better and better and may you be happy in obtaining new subscribers all this blessed year."—Hudson Tuttle in a private letter to THE BETTER WAY.

The man who cannot forget or forgive after due reparation has been made or for offences not intentionally committed is either a fool or a miserable sneak whose society is not to be sought after.

The King of Siam has 300 wives and 87 children, was married at 12 and is now 36 years old; is said to be a good fellow, fond of his wives and loves his children. Marriage is no failure in that country.

If you cannot find fault with a man, do not hunt for anything. For if a man's unspiritual nature is so far rounded out that it needs a microscope to find the discord, he may pass as being far above the average.

The Golden Gate is about to publish a compendium of its "Spiritual Fragments" that have been appearing as editorials for some years past in pamphlet form. Many will find consolation in reading them, as they contain much that is comforting and elevating to the soul nature of man.

Listen to the tale of woe or happiness—the confessions or regrets, hopes and loves, of your spirit attractions, and you have a spiritual photograph of yourself. If not to the exact incidents at least in those that harmonize with them—like attracting like according to the aura we have on us.

The spirit of man ripens in the body as a chicken does in the egg. When perfected it is no more a mortal being, but a spiritual one, and thus breaks the bonds which bind it to matter and goes to where it will be more at home than in matter—namely in the entity of spirit, so called.

Even the materialistic papers are beginning to speak of the much misused term "Dr." Every body wants to be called Doctor, and the faculty itself is speaking about discarding the term entirely saying that its respectability is lost. But people will continue to believe that a prefix is indicative of sense, both by the addressed and addressing.

It is selfish to complain merely for the sake of complaining or finding fault. There are many little ills that cannot be altered and must be borne; thus it is selfish to burden others with them. That which cannot be cured must be endured, simply. Angel blessings always attend the silent sufferer.

We only receive higher light from the spirit world as we become enabled to comprehend it—i. e., receptive to it. Materialists often ask why the spirits don't tell us something we don't know. Faith or a willingness to believe opens the way, but trying to break through skepticism is like throwing pearls before the swine.

That which is done willingly and with good motives always has a clear aura surrounding it, while that which is done for effect merely always looks slovenly, or feels so at all events, even if polished on the surface. A pure aura gives the most unobtrusive object a clean appearance, and particularly noticeable to sensitives.

To argue with a man we put ourselves on a level with him. To become angered during the debate we fall below him. If you consider yourself right give your opinion, and listen to your opponents and then part as friends. False pride or a false sense of honor in not wishing to concede the point is the cause of all strife.

The man who can't tell a compliment from an insinuation is a fool, and the one who wilfully misinterprets the one for the other is a dangerous character to deal with and should be left severely alone. Such frequently delight in malice and exercise it on the most trivial pretense. Be on the quiet against them. They have not yet outgrown their serpent nature.

To the same degree that a man lacks conscientiousness for his fellow men he is in spiritual darkness. To the same degree that he is selfish he is untrustworthy. As he feels for others he may be entrusted with confidence, power or light—although the latter is a natural attribute of love, for man becomes prophetically intuitive in comparison to his benevolence or charity for others.

Those who are easily led by kindness often become very foolish when pushed. The same being found so frequently together, it seems that stubbornness spiritualized produces gentleness of spirit; and so where we find gentleness we may also look for the other to some degree. All evils and all good qualities have their antipodes in the same being. It is the positive and negative—the polarity—of existence.

If you do not wish to be thought bad of, then act good. Those who are so sensitive that they must need be praised all the time in order to keep up strength and courage, should not fail to conduct themselves in such a manner that naught but praise can be said of them; and continue their good work as long as they feel that they need such praise. When above worldly praise, that of the angel world will be felt instead.

Gain the respect of the spirit world and that of mortals will surely follow. How? By doing, saying, or thinking only that in private which you would not be ashamed to do, say or think in public—if the latter were also possible. By this course you attract the company of angels, and it is their influence which makes you intuitively respected or loved. We have an unwitting deference for some people, while having a similar disrespect for others. The former are honest within while the latter are not. Such is the psychometric tell tale of human nature.

Faith, divinely emotion of the human soul, how comforting to those who know, who feel thy import. 'Tis not so blind if all but knew thy mission to mankind. A god doth live for those who will, who can, trust truly to a higher power. And then 'tis faith that makes its influence felt. For why exist when faith is naught? Can we trust to nothing, or can nothing realize our trust? It must be mutual, and we, the lesser, must first demean ourselves to ask its aid, support, blessing, comfort. Once felt, we have the truth, for faith is truth felt, and then we know there is a living God. Not in person, but grander, greater, more sublime. It is sweet nature, and nature is spiritual—is intelligent.

It makes no difference to angels whether a man holds a position in life or not. Intention is all that attracts their notice. Worldly minded people may think differently, but such do not seek the companionship of angels. At least such thoughts do not attract them. The most despised have often the highest spiritual associates, and are thus led right, while the worldly wise are subjected to confusion by the attraction of earth-bound spirits. Nature is just in creating conditions suitable to our needs. The unfortunate and honest attract angelic—the contemptuous mockers. Be charitable even if you cannot be respectful, for the time may come when you will need charity yourself, and you cannot expect to reap what you have not sowed.

Young girl (at fortune teller's)—"What! I'm going to marry a poor man and have seventeen children! It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told her, and you said she was to marry a millionaire and live on Fifth avenue. Here's your quarter!"

Fortune teller (with dignity)—"Your friend Sarah got a fifty cent fortune, miss."

To know whether marriage is a failure or not is to try it. The majority of the married folks seem to be satisfied with their lot, and it is surely for them to decide if the question is to be decided. The unmarried can know nothing about it and thus cannot render a decision, while the few malcontents who had not love enough for each other to make marriage a success cannot, legally considered, have a voice in the matter. There may be exceptions where the love was all on one side and selfishness on the other; but as it is difficult for outsiders to settle this, these exceptions must be left to a sphere for themselves and not be permitted to sow the seed of dissension amongst the contented ones of married life. Cease the agitation publicly or try it again. Better luck might follow the next attempt.

Judge Barrett, of New York, has decided that no one can be required to take an oath in court if he prefers to simply affirm. Nor can he be questioned as to his religious belief. He declares it to be an impertinence to interrogate a citizen as to his views of the existence of a deity. It is hoped that this will help to put an end to the outrage of petty lawyers, who have no valuable beliefs on the subject themselves, holding up honest men to shame as infidels and atheists because they do not hold orthodox religious views, or are honestly in doubt. Judge Barrett is right; it is unbearable impertinence. Every citizen has a right to his own opinions, and he is none the less qualified to testify as to facts. It is equally gratifying to know that in no case need a witness kiss a dirty book, however valuable may be the contents of the volume. Sweeping up the refuse of religious tyranny is no trifling matter.—R. P. Journal.

As long as we worry about anybody else's opinion, either for or against us, we need smothering out—thus indicating that there are still kinks in our character that are not spiritual—not in harmony with the laws of spirit. To crave for others' opinion, betrays that we lack self-judgment or still have self-love enough left to desire praise. To fear others' opinion betrays that we have not done our duty or have a bit of a guilty conscience. The truly honest don't care a continental what people think of them. They simply do what they think is right and if the motive is honestly meant they need care for no one's opinion. Consult your own conscience, and if that does not worry you, go ahead. Every man's motive ought to be best known to himself, and if the motive is good the soul is in no danger. Impulsiveness may cause regret, but thus we learn by experience. Only don't make this an excuse, when you know it is not, for this only adds to the evil. Rather apologize when wrong. It is more angelic than to keep up a false sense of righteousness. Opinions against us cannot harm if not justly deserved; but as long as we are disagreeably affected by them, a sore spot is touched which needs attention. "You should forget your wounded side and return good for evil."

THE AGNOSTIC.

A savant was invited to witness some spiritual manifestations in order to give his opinion on the same and if possible to solve the mystery connected with them. He gave it a thorough investigation; came to the secret conclusion that they were spiritual, or at least produced by an intelligence outside of the mortals present. But, said he to himself, if I admit this, they will call me crazy and I cannot invent any other hypothesis that will answer the question rationally. So I will simply say "I don't know."

THE JANUARY FORUM.

Has, among other interesting, instructive and progressive articles, one on "Magnetism and Hypnotism," by Dr. J. M. Charcot, of Paris, the greatest living authority on this subject. We can hardly do justice to the article in a condensed statement; and thus advise those interested on the subject to read it for themselves. It opens with a reference to Mesmer's theory, but says that it was essentially different from what is now customarily designated under this head. It was known then as "animal magnetism" that was being operated upon. Later it was labeled "artificial somnambulism." When Dr. Braid experimented he found that it could be self-induced, and named it "magnetic sleep," from which originated the word "hypnotism," and coined by Braid himself. But M. Charcot deals with it as a power in the hands of an operator over sensitive persons, and gives some interesting facts gained from experience and experiments. He says these phenomena contain nothing supernatural, but that hypnotism is directly amenable to our means of investigation, and must needs be an integral part of the known domain of science.

A SPIRIT REMEDY FOR LA GRIFFE.

Pour one pint hot water on one table spoon full of Senna leaves—not boiling water, as this draws out properties which cause griping—and add to this one-half stick black licorice, one teaspoonful Iceland moss, one ounce rock candy, half a teaspoonful rhubarb, five grains quinine and a few drops spiritus camphor. Allow this mixture to draw about two hours and cool off, but in a warm room so as not to become chilled. Then stir well and strain through a piece of fine muslin. Keep in a corked bottle and take one teaspoonful every hour, beginning in the morning until bedtime. If not cured within twenty-

four hours from time of taking first dose continue the medicine another day. Persons easily acted upon will be relieved within twenty-four hours, though tough natures may need from two to three days medicine. The above named quantity, however, is enough for the worst case, and with five cents worth of each of the herein named articles (35 cents) there will be enough left to make four or five more mixtures with the exception of the stick licorice which will cost about 10 cents extra. Fifty cents however will cure half-a-dozen persons. Spirit remedies are the cheapest in the end.

PRAISE TO BE PRAISED.

How can he who is in despair write on hope? Discourage a man in his project and he is apt to give up before making a trial. Worry a preacher with hard times and you cannot expect him to deliver a sermon on the prosperity of the church. Lay bear your weakness to a newspaper reporter by censuring him for not praising up your virtues in his last issue, and you cannot expect him to become very elated or enthusiastic in your behalf after that. So we may apply the rule to investigators and mediums. If you desire truthful communications have truth in your heart when you go to a seance. If a medium desires to be praised for his or her virtues, they should exhibit their good qualifications as a basis on which to make the praise worthy. Not by bad temper, but by love, charity, generosity, forgiveness—all that which they are constantly preaching for others to practice. Let us begin on self with that which we prescribe for others, and all will get rewarded finally. But the truly spiritualized mortal or medium does not care for man's praise or worldly honor. The spirit world cares for them; and those who experience this, know that it is, because they have given up seeking mortal deference and reaped that of the angels instead. Such deference produces happiness—the other constant discontent and often soul agony. Which would you prefer?

IT IS COMING—QUIETLY.

The Rev. R. J. Burdette, of Brooklyn, in one of his newspaper writings, concerning the future life, says:

"When we all get to the summer-land we'll be so astonished to see each other there, and have so many things to take back that we've said about each other, that for the first two or three hundred years we won't more than half enjoy ourselves. We'll be afraid every time we turn a corner that we will meet some saint with a brighter crown and a louder harp than we have, and feel compelled to apologize for having denounced him as a foredoomed scoundrel and unmitigated hypocrite, and then how small we shall feel to learn that he is an old resident, having been gladly welcomed there fifty years ahead of us when we thought—and heaven forgive us, maybe hoped—that he was howling in an 'everlasting bonfire.' Heaven, I imagine, is a much larger country than most of us are inclined to think. If ever I get there—and I do hope I will; if ever they let me in—I don't know—I can't see how, with any reason or upon any grounds, they are going to shut anybody else out."

This furnishes another evidence of the liberalization of Christian belief in the broad light of Spiritualistic revelation today, and proves that our cause is advancing on a larger basis than we would give it credit for. Some day, in the near future, we will suddenly awaken to the realization that all progressive minded people are accepting Spiritualism as the popular and most natural religion or science extant. Then why quarrel with the few pig-headed narrow-minded bigotted non-progressive jibberjaws that are still hounding against the advance of the new truth. They are mere Don Quixotes combatting the fans of a windmill against which they are but mosquitos. Man cannot conquer spirit. The latter will prevail, and if left to its own potent operation will do more in a week than we can in a year by argument or opposition. The latter only attracts opposition, while the former takes quiet possession of thinkers and develops them into a desire for spiritual comfort and light and often makes Spiritualists of them without aid of the phenomena. Opposition brings out too much of the mortal and this disturbs the operation of natural law on man's soul nature.

LIFE.

Life! What is it? The mere attempt to define it leads man away from a comprehension of it; for the intention is an emotion of the soul that says "I am greater than thou!"

How can we define that of which we constitute but an atom. We may understand that which is below or on a par with ourselves, but not that which is above us, metaphorically speaking.

Life is causation, and of that we know only the comparatively few effects around us—the greatest of which is that little specimen known as self. And what a lifetime of study is required to learn the nature of that little particle.

God made us is easily said. But how, is far from being known or understood. God is a good term to use in lieu of a more significant one. By its use we mean an intelligence—an intelligent or conscious something. But what that something is we can only judge as far as we comprehend our own being. We are individually a microcosm of that universal cause and consequently must contain of all the attributes that Life possesses. But how much do we know of self? Some know very little, though all the more of everything else; and the farther we have self in the rear in this search after a com-

prehension of Life, the more we run into speculations or confounding hypotheses. Self-knowledge is the foundation of all wisdom; is the guiding star of all research into the hidden mysteries of existence; is the anchor on which we can hope only for a definite or absolute understanding of facts.

All that exists is allied to us in some way, and the nearer we can apply it in conjunction with self, the better we know it, or own it, we may say. What we know absolutely is our own—even if plagiarized; for we do not plagiarize a thought until we can comprehend it, and we cannot comprehend it until we have studied or applied it to our own being—our individual understanding in some way. What we do not comprehend does not yet belong to us, and in fact, is seldom accepted as truth. But because we do not accept it does not make it a non-entity. That which does not exist cannot be thought. It may appear vague or impossible, but that is because it is yet without our range, or illogically presented. The first is due to a still dormant state of certain faculties within us (which naturally shuts out our interest for the same as well) while the latter may be due to a non-appliance of the theory presented to self. It is like teaching morality that is not personally applied or practiced. It finds no lodgement in the soul of the hearer or reader. So we can only know of life or make ourselves understood. We must own the knowledge that we wish to impart, and to own it, the same must come out of us—either by a natural awakening to it, by experience, or by the study of self—by introspection.

Self-knowledge leads to a knowledge of life, and is the only avenue through which we can obtain this information, for we constitute the only example of life as it exists in the cause—the only true epitome of the original, and when swerving away from this centre we are like the dog grasping at the shadow for the bone; virtually gazing from the light towards the darkness.

Self is the book of light, of wisdom, of facts to study, and as we know this, we comprehend the nature of Life!

WHERE IS THE NAZARINE?

A correspondent requests us to give our views or opinions as to the existence of Jesus Christ. He begins his letter, though, by taking exceptions to the words of Miss Hagan, published in issue of 4th inst., saying: "Just here is a stumbling block in my way. That Jesus lived can never be doubted by any scholarly person. The letter of St. Paul, who was miraculously converted to the teachings of Christ, may be traced back pure and simple to the very year in which they were written. Now, why he, who, after crucifixion, appeared often in materialized form, cannot be found to have existence in the spirit world is simply surprising to me. If he exists, I think the spirit who controls the above medium had better turn his attention to the world in which he dwells and find out some of its laws before returning to us uninformed, and thus set Spiritualism back a thousand years."

Much more could be said against than in favor of the above. Not that we wish to disturb the minds of believers in bible lore, but we said in the beginning that we would not discuss the question, and thought it a waste of time and space to have it discussed. It can make but little difference either way, and would not affect Spiritualism one way or the other. Had we no phenomena by which to prove our claims for immortality in the present, we would probably, like the Christians, want a record to base our teachings on. But as we have, we don't need bible proofs, and consequently it becomes indifferent to us whether its record be true or not. Even if Jesus has existence, not every spirit can see him, for it requires a harmony of forces for spirits to see each other, and higher spirits do not speculate, theorize or accept the testimony of others for anything. Experience with them is the only teacher. They either know or they don't know. Lower spirits who believe in him may have seen him clairvoyantly through this belief—this love. Higher spirits, whose minds are scientifically inclined, and not in harmony with the Jesus philosophy, may not have seen him, and consequently doubt his existence. Then there may be lower spirits who doubt his existence because they have never seen him, having had only faith in him, but out of harmony with him on account of non-practice of his teachings. In fact, the whole is a matter of individual taste. Those who believe in his existence may do so without harm to themselves—even if only as a principle.

For as such we can find no better, and if followed out practically, will lead to heaven, or happiness, or anywhere else the soul desires to go hereafter. Spiritualists are composed of people of all beliefs, but of one fact only, and that fact is an absolute knowledge of immortality. With that fact proven we want no further beliefs, and those who stop to discuss or cavil about the past are just losing that much which is to be gained in the present by noting facts immediately around them. The Christ principle is in every individual. Seek it there and not in history, and more absolute truth will be revealed in less time than it takes to prove the past by material agency. The spiritual is the only medium of investigation. Intuition or psychometry will be the reward of every one that studies self and governs himself accordingly. Self culture is the surest foundation on which to build, and those who reach the light through this means will need no opinions of others or second-hand knowledge. Self development opens the doors of the spirit world to every one individually.

FEAR vs. LOVE.

A schoolboy and son of a lawyer in San Francisco, recently committed suicide by shooting, because he feared punishment from his father, for having stayed away from home after bedtime.

When a boy prefers death to a scolding, which was probably the only punishment in store for him, it proves that either the boy was a medium—a sensitive—or the father was a little too severe in his discipline towards children—probably innocently so.

We do not mention this fact to criticize the parent, for he probably needs sympathy instead, but as an example that should serve as a lesson for others, who are governing their children on the same principles that their forefathers did.

It simply will not do. Children to-day are of a different order than were our parents—beginning even with many that were ushered into existence since 1846 and 47 when Spiritualism was actively brewing in the spirit world. We know by experience what effect a cold, stern or untuitive soul nature on the sensitive nature of a mediumistic child has—whether from a school master, a visitor at the house or a mere passer-by on the streets, and children of the present age are more generally sensitive than were those in our boyhood days. We suffered unearthly tortures, but could not account for it then—only realizing that we felt a desire to be alone rather than to meet, what we now know to have been, unsympathetic people—people who could not appreciate (through ignorance of spiritual law) the nature of children, or at least those belonging to the new order of souls.

So children are suffering to-day and which many could realize more fully by a little sympathy in their behalf—sympathy bringing man in rapport with children and lending them a cue to the cause that is upon them, as it were, or a sight into their spiritual natures. Love, in fact, is the only emotion or soul effort that does open the spiritual of things to us. Thus the most loving or charitable or generous are the most intuitive or prophetic, so to say; for all foresight is based on intuition. Without the latter our judgment of things becomes but idle speculation or guess work. A prophet without intuition builds on chance, however correct he may be in material calculations or worldly judgment. The spiritual of things cannot be solved by mathematics nor reached by theoretical deductions. A theory may have a tad in its foundation, but that fact is an effect of the spiritual—it is not the spiritual itself; i. e., the cause. This must be found by purely spiritual means, and when we have that, we need no more of the theory connected with it. This becomes to our intelligence like so much froth and we discard it. Spirit or cause does not deal in the theoretical. All is fact, and so gratifying to the soul, that once tasted we want nothing else thereafter.

Children are important facts in this age and should be properly cared for—that is intuitively. Not by past theories or as our forefathers regulated them, but according to the cause that is upon them or within them—according to their spiritual natures. Mixed schools are a bane to sensitive children—causing them to suffer spiritually or mentally and to take on all manner of uncongenial and noxious influences. Diseases that such children are stricken with have been generated or imbibed in the schoolroom. Gross and refined, or spiritually undeveloped and sensitive children do not harmonize. The former absorb the latter's vitality and subject them to prevalent diseases, while the former are often benefited by the theft. Children have no magnetism to spare. All that their spiritual natures can generate is needed for physical growth and nerve food. Schools for sensitive children or those of sensitive parents are becoming an immediate necessity and should be established in every Spiritualistic community, and parents of such children should take the above as a lesson and be less rigorous in their discipline towards them—be more sympathetic, kind and considerate. This does not mean to give them their will in everything, but simply to deny with firmness and a kind feeling within; to govern ones own temper in dealing with them; to smile on them when entering home and not leave the children wish the father would not return as is too often the case. Let them feel the opposite, i. e., to have love instead of fear for their guardians or parents.

Literary.

Three Sevens. A story of ancient initiations. By The Phelons, authors of Hermetic Teachings. Chicago: The Hermetic Publishing Co., 619 W. Jackson street. Price, \$1.25. This book tells the story of one who by asceticism has reached a height of spiritual unfoldment in earth life, that lends him almost unbounded power as an individual, being able to perform wonderful cures, pass through matter by aid of the astral fluid, and do other as yet impossible things. The author, though, only basis his theory on the supposition that whatever can be thought ought finally to be made possible in fact. It is, however, an interesting book for occult students, and might lend them a cue to the higher unfoldment of their spiritual powers. It is also philosophic in its teachings, believing that all disease has its root in selfishness, and that the curbing of the animal frees man from pain and material environments and influences and leads to the unfoldment of the marvellous in the human spirit, besides unlocking the door to the mysteries of nature, permitting him to see the, to mortal man, as yet unseen.

ter. Third, that he has performed cur-
hopeless cases that in the olden time his
would have been called miraculous. For-
and last, we know him to be an honest
and a staunch Spiritualist.—THE BE-
WAY-

Ladies' Department.

A Dream.

I dreamed I had heard words with you
Last night, dear love, I know not why,
Some trivial word or act of yours
Had roused my anger, and when I
Awoke, my heart and brain
Were smarting with the wrong and pain.

I dreamed your eyes—those tender eyes—
Looked coldly, sternly into mine,
And in the accents of your voice
Was no conciliating sign,
And yet, 'tis strange, I do not know
What 'twas that chafed and vexed us so.

Forgive me, love! I had forgot;
Dreams are as treacherous as our joys,
And, dreaming, I remembered not
That for three years your blessed voice
Has silent been, and daisies white
Have hid your sweet eyes from my sight.

—Louise F. Buddick in Boat, Commonweal.

Written for The Better Way.

Our Delight and Thanks.

ALLIE LINDSEY LYNCH.

I am so delighted over your gift to women—that of a department in your good paper, but

"Give us that grand name,
'Woman,' once again,
And let's have done with 'Lady,'
Once a term
Full of fine force—strong, beautiful and firm,
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen,
And once a word for lackeys."

Yes, woman is the right word. Let us have our grand title while we are seeking our rights. We know the days of our bondage are numbered. We do not pick up many papers and books in which we fail to note some paragraph or article that leans to woman's suffrage. Mention is made of some movement that is to benefit woman. When Wm. Darves presented Ripon College with a cottage rent free for the use of female students, who needed this aid to their efforts in search of knowledge, he did a noble act of charity.

There are so many themes in connection with woman and her works, that we should never let this "Woman's Department" pass out of the columns of THE BETTER WAY. It is such a golden opportunity for us to "have our say," that I hope we will each try to bring our best thoughts to aid our kind editor in this work of his behalf.

We have an opportunity to advocate those ideas we are beginning to know would be for mankind good; those reforms that are necessary to true greatness, the lack of which ignorance has caused to fasten upon our minds to the extent of great injury to our race—false modesty in the instruction of youth.

May the words that the Woman's Department contains during 1890 leave a lasting effect on the world's pages of true reform, and make all who take part in its construction forever rejoice over their words as seed sown in good season. That is true reform which benefits mankind. So, weigh well your words; then give to the public those that are valuable. Let us stand firm for those truths we are sure of, and thus we will make them benefit others. Come to the front with your helpful words, that this department may be worthy its place in THE BETTER WAY.

[We adopted the heading "Ladies Department" because it gave us a wider field for reading matter, and because we believe in being strictly original—the other caption being in such general use already that it has nothing more striking in it. "Ideas," to us, has a sweet, gentle ring, and in spirit means the gentler, nobler and better sex. Another excuse may be, that it is not a female who is conducting this department in this instance—although we have asked our sister Spiritualists to contribute for it—and thus, as a mark of deference, have (with hat in hand) said "Ladies Department."—Ed. B. W.]

Written for The Better Way.

From an Authoress.

SARA K. HERVEY.

I want to send you a word of encouragement. In spite of all discouragements, your paper has been growing better every week, and, in my opinion, is not excelled by any one of the Spiritualist papers. I fully realize how very hard it is to support and keep alive a thoroughly independent journal. Spiritualists, as a people, are poor, and the more spiritual they become, the less are they inclined to self-hily gather to themselves worldly riches. It is said of us, as a class, distinctly social. This is true, because our religion teaches us to recognize the true brotherhood of humanity. When we are fully engrossed into the truths of a pure Spiritualism we shall find perfect freedom; a freedom that will abuse no one, but accord to each one their legitimate God-given rights.

If those persons who to-day are so ready to pass judgment on the acts of others could see and read all this, they would be less ready to throw the spirit of condemnation. Why should we condemn? Have we all of truth and wisdom? No. We are but a small moiety of the great whole. The materialist is bitterly opposed to the words religion and Spiritualism. He says they are both relics of superstition. He would, with one sweep of his hand, consign them to everlasting oblivion. If he views them rightly, and can prove to us that they are inimicable to the welfare of humanity, then we would join with him in their utter demolition. To me religion means simply a binding together of all that is good and noble. It favors neither of cant or priestcraft. It is a divine spirituality that survives the things of time and sense. When we love all beings, and deal justly with all, then we are truly religious and divinely

spiritual. The world is full of books and papers. How many of them are started with a desire to benefit humanity? We believe that most of our Spiritualist books and papers have only this motive in view. But even then they must be guided by a true wisdom in order to be kept free from the erratic notions of puffed-up egotists. "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Paper and printers' ink was never so cheap as now, therefore all kinds of ideas, whether rational or not, are freely ventilated, and it requires us all to keep level headed to be able to sift the wheat from the chaff.

In conclusion, I will say that my book, "The Ety Family," as yet has had no adverse criticisms, but I hope whoever reads it will feel free to express their ideas in regard to it.

A Pathetic Story of the Last Days of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes.

The Ladies' Home Magazine, of Philadelphia, will print in the January number a remarkable and pathetic story of the late Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, that is said to be vouched for by the Ex-President. The story is as follows: Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes was one of the sweetest, stanchest and most sterling women that ever sawed the domestic destinies of the White House. She had her own views of life, and they were exalted. To her mind there had no association with locality or social or official position. What seemed to her to be the proper mode of life in the retirement of private station, in her home at Fremont, formed to her mind the proper rule of existence in the conspicuous place of wife of the President of the United States. No intensity of satire, nor injustice of criticism, could move her a hair's breadth from what she regarded as the true way. As she lived she died, calmly, bravely, and with a serene confidence.

Some of her nearest relatives had died of paralysis, and she had a premonition that she, too, would pass away with the same disorder. She had a long talk with her husband on the subject about three years ago. He endeavored to chase away her fears with light and kindly words. Early last autumn, just about the time of the anniversary of the death of her brother, who had passed away in paralysis, she spoke of her premonitions again. Her fears now amounted to an absolute conviction, and she spoke of her end by paralysis as an event certain to take place. None of the endeavors of her husband to turn her thoughts to a more cheerful subject could avail. She quietly insisted on arranging with him her business and other affairs. She put her house in perfect order.

"And now," she finally said, "if I be stricken with paralysis, as I believe I shall be, I will not, as you know, be able to speak. But perhaps I still may be able to hear. You may ask me then whether my mind is serene and clear, whether I am at ease and free from pain. For the answer to these questions, I shall press your hand. If I cannot truthfully apply in the affirmative, my hand will not clasp yours."

Three days after this what she feared would happen came to pass. She was suddenly stricken down with paralysis. Her organs of speech were benumbed. She could not utter a word. Then all she had said came sadly back to the memory of her devoted husband. Looking down into her shining eyes, he took her hand in his and asked the questions which days before she had suggested. "Wife, dear, are you at ease, is your mind serene and clear and are you free from pain?"

Slowly the poor white fingers closed upon his, giving his hand a gentle, reassuring pressure. The next day the brave and loving wife was dead.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Vagaries of Etiquette.

In Sweden if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading-room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person, it is sacred, is one of their proverbs. In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety. If a Spaniard says, when you retire after a visit: "This house is entirely at your disposal whenever you may please to favor it," he wishes you to know that he regards you as one of the family—uno de nosotros (one of us), as they express it. If the words are not spoken you can conclude that you are not welcome to call again. In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him, according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honor. No Turk will enter a sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receives all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away. In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when

entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or carpets outside, and the floor inside is covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean, in Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers. In China grief is associated with a white dress, in Ethiopia with brown, in Turkey with violet, in Egypt with yellow. Etiquette requires, in Chinese conversation, that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that the following is not an exaggeration: "What is your honorable name?" "My insignificant appellation is Chang." "Where is your magnificent palace?" "My contemptible hut is at Luchan." "How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless brats are five." "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well." The salutations of a people to some extent indicate their national character. "May God strengthen your morning," brings out the Arab's faith in destiny. The oriental "May thy shadow never grow less," shows the honor placed in obesity. The French "How do you carry yourself?" indicates regard for form, the German's habit of generalization in "How goes it?" and the Englishman's practical mind in "How are you?"—London Wit and Wisdom.

Do Likewise.

At the recent celebration at Hartford, in honor of Mrs. Stowe the following characteristic story was related by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore: "My husband," she said, "was pastor of a small country parish before the war. We hadn't any more money than we could use. I had heard of a paper that was published in Washington called the National Era. The subscription price was \$2.50, and we hadn't the money for it. My husband went away for three weeks. While he was gone I made him a pair of pants. I had never made a pair, and I had never made a buttonhole. When my husband came home, I told him that they had come and cost me \$2.50, and that I had paid for them. He put them on and pronounced them excellent, and it wasn't till he had worn them a week, and they had been in the pulpit, that I told him the secret. That's how I got the National Era. I don't know whether I ought to have taken this audience into my confidence or not. I've never told this story to any one before, and I don't want any of you to repeat it."

[If our lady friends will devote about five minutes a day to any sort of handy work for the benefit of THE BETTER WAY, they might accumulate enough in a short time to subscribe for some sick or destitute acquaintance. Making one person happy in that way, you will reap happiness enough to last a whole year, or as long as the party has the paper to read. Such is true benevolence.—Ed.]

Children.

That there are many disobedient, almost unmanageable, children is quite true, and it is equally true that there is always a good reason for the conduct of such children. The reason, however, is not because they are not punished severely enough, but usually, if the facts are made known, it is just the reverse. They are too cruelly treated by those people who are their natural protectors. When we consider the unfortunate conditions under which most children are begotten, the largest charity and allowance should be made for their faults. Children's faults, at their worst, are but the reflection of the still graver faults of their parents. "What a man sows that also shall he reap" is an inexorable law of nature from which there is no escape, and to punish the innocent and helpless, who but mirror our vices as well as our virtues, is the essence of cruelty. Better far, begin with and make of ourselves patterns worthy of the imitation of our children, than by the infliction of punishments seek to suppress the outward manifestations of "what is born and bred in the bone." Better educate children through their higher nature than by appealing to their lower natures—fear, dread of punishment, and physical pain.—Carrier Dove.

Condensed Sweetness in the Honey-moon.

Bride—Are there many tunnels on this railroad, Charles, dear?

Bridegroom—Quite a number, dearest. I selected it on purpose. If I remember rightly, we are coming to one in a few moments.

Brakeman (entering)—Select your partners for the tunnel, please.—America.

Mrs. Gadley—What are you crying about, dear?

Miss Gadley—I've been insulted, a-and I'll n-n-never walk on B-B-Broadway again.

Mrs. Gadley—Did those horrid men stare at you or—Oh! you don't mean to say that some one spoke to you?

Miss Gadley—N-n-no. Worse, Oh! far worse. They didn't even look at me!—Town Topics.

Hanging baskets, well filled with healthy, growing plants, are the finest objects in the window garden. For this purpose the dwarf nasturtium is a fitting subject. Fill your basket with light, gravelly soil, put in a few seeds of the desired kind, and keep well watered, and by the time the basket is wanted for its position it will be well filled, and will remain an object of beauty the entire winter.

Straw hats, straw mats, willow furniture, etc., may be cleaned almost like new if salt and water be used for washing them.

MEETINGS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Society of Union Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, hold their meetings at 115 W. Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10:45, and Sunday evening at 7:45; also Wednesday evening of each week, to which all are made welcome. The Lyceum of children and adults meets at 6 A. N. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, Cincinnati, every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. All are cordially invited.

Douglas Hall, N. W. Sixth and Walnut streets, lecture every Sunday at 2 P. M. by Mrs. Adah Buchanan, Admission free. Strangers cordially invited.

Spiritual Healing and Developing Meetings, with speaking and music every Sunday at half-past 2 P. M. at the American Health College, Fairmount. Free to all.

First New Spiritual Church meets every Sunday at 11 A. M., and developing circle 7:30 P. M., at 102 West Fifth Street.

Banner of Light Circle-Room, No. 9 Bowdoin street—lectures are held every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock promptly. Admission free. J. A. Buchanan, Chairman.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall—Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Richard Holmes, President; Albert P. Hing, Lecturer; D. H. Hocking, Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury and Essex streets—Spiritual Fraternity Society will hold public meetings every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. after services at 2:45, and Wednesday evening service at 7:45.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1—Sessions every Sunday at 11 A. M. in (large) hall Memorial Hall, Appleton street, near Tremont. All seats free. Every one invited. Benj. P. Weaver, Conductor; H. O. Torrey, Corresponding Secretary.

1001 Washington Street—The First Spiritual Temple, 1001 Washington Street, Friday, Private sessions, for members only, first Friday in each month. Public meetings every Friday evening at 7:45 P. M. A. E. Barnes, President; Mrs. M. V. Hing, Secretary.

College Hall, 34 Essex street—Sundays at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor. Eagle Hall, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex—Sundays at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Adah Buchanan, President. Excellent music. Dr. E. H. Mathews, Chairman.

America Hall, 724 Washington street—Services each Sunday Dr. W. A. Hale, Chairman.

A Public Social Meeting will be held every Thursday evening at 7:45 in the office parlors of Evans House, 176 Tremont street. E. J. Bennett, Secretary. The Spiritualistic Phenomena Association hold their meetings in the Lyceum Hall, 1081 Washington street. It is the hall above the Ladies' Aid Hall.

Chelsea—Spiritualist meetings are held in Pilgrim Hall, Old Fellows Building, each Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Meetings are held at Grand Army Hall, Sundays at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. All mediums invited. G. F. Wright, Chairman. The Ladies' Social Aid Society hold their meetings at 8 o'clock, on Wednesdays and Fridays at 100 Chestnut street. M. L. Dodge, Secy. Cambridgeport—Meetings are held every Sunday evening at Old Fellows' Hall, 548 Main street. H. O. Simons, Secretary.

New York, N. Y.

The American Spiritualist Alliance meets at 219 West 42nd street, New York City, on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 8 P. M. All Spiritualists are cordially invited to become connected with the Alliance—either as resident or non-resident members—and to take an active part in its work.

Spiritualists who are disposed to aid the American Spiritualist Alliance can do so by sending subscriptions to its treasurer, W. S. Hayward, 210 Washington st., who will acknowledge all remittances.

The Alliance defines a Spiritualist to be: "One who knows the spiritual connection can be established between the living and the so-called dead, and all such are invited to become members."

J. F. Clark, Cor. Henry J. Kiddle, President. Columbia Hall, 878 6th Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets—People's Spiritual meeting. Services every Sunday at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Mediums and speakers always present. F. W. Jones, Conductor.

The Second Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia meet every Sunday at 3 P. M. at their church, Thompson Street between Front Street and Frankford Avenue. Spiritual exercises 8 P. M. at 330 N. 3d st. T. J. Ambrosio, Trustee and Treasurer, our malapropos of the Association—always present, and Jacob Grupp, Philadelphia, Pa., is very often present.

The Young People's Progressive Society of Philadelphia hold a musical and literary entertainment at their hall every Sunday evening.

People's Spiritual Society meets at 116 Fifth Ave. every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. All are made welcome who visit Chicago.

Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Harmonical Society of Spiritualists meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M. at their new hall, 1001 Washington street, near Broadway and Third streets. The Young People's Progressive Society of Chicago hold a musical and literary entertainment at their hall every Sunday evening.

People's Spiritual Society meets at 116 Fifth Ave. every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. All are made welcome who visit Chicago.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Brooklyn Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly conference meetings at Everett Hall, corner Bridge and Willoughby streets, on Saturdays evening of each week at 8 o'clock P. M. Good speakers and mediums. Meats free. Samuel Bugart, Pres. The Brooklyn Spiritual Union holds public meetings every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at K. W. Rooms, Bedford avenue and fourth second street.

The Women's Spiritual Conference meet every Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. E. A. Tacey, 231 St. James Place. A. A. McArthur, Pres.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The First Spiritual Church of Pittsburgh has lectures every Sunday morning at 10:45 and evening at 7:45. Children's Lyceum at 2 P. M. at their hall, No. 618 Sixth street. J. L. McKinstry, Pres. A. L. Lohmeyer, Secy.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Allegheny Pa., meets at Washington Hall, corner of Washington and Third streets, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Troy, N. Y.

The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Keenan Building, corner Broadway and Third streets. Lecture at the residence of Mrs. Thursday. Progressive Spiritual Association No. 2, meets at Star Hall, corner of Third and Union streets, (concourse on Fulton) every Sunday.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

First Spiritual Society meets in Odd Fellows Hall, Market street, every Sunday at 7:30 P. M. M. D. D. Higley, President; J. W. Fuller, M. D. D. Regular Speaker.

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Written for The Better Way.
The Fairy and the Ice-King.
BY DR. A. T. HUNTER.

Once, in the long ago, when earth and heaven were not so far apart as they are now, a spring, a rock, a hill, and a tree all lived very close neighbors, and, I assure you, they were very good neighbors, too, and lived very quietly together for a long time.

The hill was very old, and so was the rock, and as they were also dumb, no wonder they were quiet. The tree, and the spring, with its attendant brook, however, were great prattlers, and, you may suppose, they talked enough for all four.

In those days there were good fairies, and also great, ugly demons, and they were always at war with each other, and you may be sure it was no child's play either.

The two who figure mostly in this little story were a dreadful demon, called the "Ice-King," and a lovely fairy, who came down to earth at intervals, all bedecked with beautiful flowers, which she would scatter all over the hills and dale with a lavish hand.

Now I want to tell you in what a plight she once found our four friends, and how she delivered them out of their trouble, and what came of it.

The terrible monster, the "Ice-King," had just been there and gotten in his dreadful work. He had imprisoned the beautiful little spring by stopping up its place of exit with an immense block of ice. He had stripped the oak tree of all its beautiful green leaves, and left it standing naked and bare in the cold north wind, and he had covered the rock and hill with a great white shroud of snow.

The hill and rock being dumb, could not murmur or complain, but had to bear their grief in silence. The spring, poor thing, was locked in its dark prison, and if it did murmur or repine no one could hear it.

But the oak tree fretted and complained, and, when the wind blew strong, it tossed its giant arms about at a great rate, and when the wind lulled and the night was dark, it could be heard to sob and sigh as though its great heart would break, and the snow birds whispered to each other that the oak tree was in love with the imprisoned spring, and that it was more on account of her deplorable condition than its own sad case that it grieved and sighed.

Now, you may be sure our beautiful fairy was sorry enough to find them all in such a naughty plight, and was not long in relieving them.

She first melted the cold shroud from off the hill and rock. Then she broke the ice wall and set the spring free, and oh! how glad it was.

As soon as the spring began to flow and send its sparkling waters rippling on toward the sea, the hill noticed that she was very beautiful and fell very much in love with her, and soon began to show his affection for her by sending down, at first little pearly drops of clear water, then, seeing she received these kindly, he became more bold, and sent whole strings of pearls. There were, also, kindly, taken, and the hill was very proud to bear her murmur her thanks for his generous gifts.

The rock, who had lain so quietly just above the spring for a long time, now became very jealous, for he, too, loved the beautiful little spring. But he was poor, and had nothing to give her as a token of his affection, and as he was dumb he could not tell his love.

So he lay still a long while and thought and thought and watched and watched.

And the spring became very angry to think that the great old stubborn rock should be between her and her lover, the hill.

The oak tree, whom the good fairy by this time had dressed in a beautiful coat of green leaves, now stretched out his long arms and began to shade the spring from the burning rays of the June sun.

This the spring noticed, and she began to think herself a great belle.

The fairy had also clothed the hill in green mantle, and the old gray rock in a dainty vest of moss. But the rock was very much dissatisfied and complained, and thought the fairy had not treated him fair. He knew the spring did not love him, and so he began plotting her destruction. And he tried very hard, several times, to roll over on her and crush her. "If I can't have you myself," he thought, "after walling and watching over you all these years, neither the hill nor the oak tree shall ever wed you," and so he growled on. He wanted the green coat of the hill, and envied the oak tree its beautiful leaves, and wanted to run off, like the brook, and was just as dissatisfied as he could be.

The spring, as we said before, began to be very proud and haughty because the hill and the oak tree loved her, and because the rock was in the way she was very angry at it because she could not see her two lovers, and as she could not get up above the rock she deter-

mined she would drag the rock down to her own level. So she began to dig and dig the dirt out from under the rock, little by little, and as the weeks and months went by she dug and dug until she had undermined the rock, and one day a great crack came along and began rubbing its side against the rock, and as it still felt jealous of the hill and the tree, it thought, "now is my chance to get revenge," and it tried hard, and with the help of the spring and the hill rolled over, but instead of passing over the spring, and rolling on down the bank, as the poor foolish spring supposed it would, it dropped right down into it, with a terrible crash and splash, and filled it entirely up with its huge bulk, and it could be seen no more.

The top of the rock was below the level of the ground around it, and its once mossy vest that the kind fairy gave it was all bespattered with mud, and looked horrible.

The hill and the oak tree were both very much shocked at the sad occurrence, but were powerless to assist either the rock or the spring.

So the oak tree shed some of his leaves and the wind blew them into the hollow place above the rock, and the hill sent down some of his rich earth and some grass roots, and they filled up the grave of the rock and the spring, and the grass roots grew and sent up their green blades until the spot where they were buried looked just like the ground around it.

And so perished these two for their envy and discontent. The hill and the oak tree mourned the sad fate of the spring for awhile, but took the lesson to heart, and silently resolved to be unenvious and contented whatever might befall them.

So, after awhile the hill wooed the cattle and the sheep, and they came and pastured on his sides and nipped his coat of green, and the oak tree wooed the little birds, and they came and built their nests in his branches, and are very happy, and the lamb comes and rest in his shade.

So the hill and the oak tree are spending their lives in usefulness, in place of fretfulness, envy or discontent.

Now, my dear children, you see that pride, selfishness, and discontent bring nothing but ruin, while kindness and contentment bring peace and happiness. And we sincerely hope and trust that each and every one of our little readers will try to emulate the example of the hill and the oak tree, and spend their lives in thinking good thoughts and doing kind acts, and not become envious and discontented like the rock and the spring, and thus bring destruction on themselves as they did.

Mammoth Trees.

No tree, however, rears its head so boldly as the gigantic cedar of California, which is found in the Mammoth Tree Grove near the Calaveras River, about 27 miles from the city of Sacramento.

The stump of one of these trees which has been cut down is so large that on one occasion 32 persons were engaged in dancing four sets of cotillions on it at one time, without suffering any inconvenience; and besides them there were musicians and lookers-on. Across the solid wood of this stump, 5 1/2 feet from the ground (the bark being removed, which was from 15 to 18 inches in thickness), measures 25 feet, and with the bark was 28 feet. Consider for a moment the stump of a tree exceeding nine yards in diameter, and sound to the very center!

"This tree," says Mr. Hutchings, "employed five men for 22 days in felling it—not by chopping it down, but by boring it off with pump augers. After the stem was fairly severed from the stump, the uprightness of the tree and breadth of its base sustained it in its position. To accomplish the feat of throwing it over, about three days of the 22 were spent in inserting wedges, and driving them in with the butts of trees, until at last the noble monarch of the forest was forced to tremble and then to fall, after braving the battle and the breeze of nearly three thousand winters." This enormous tree was 302 feet in height, and 90 feet in circumference at the ground. Upon the upper part of the prostrate trunk is constructed a long double bowling alley, where the athletic sport of playing bowls may afford a pastime and change to the visitor.

The largest tree now standing, from its immense size, its two breast-like protuberances on one side, and the number of smaller trees of the same class adjacent, has been named the "Mother of the Forest." In the summer of 1851, the bark was stripped from this tree for the purposes of exhibition in Europe. It was placed in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where it formed one of the most splendid curiosities, and was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1860. It was a monstrous column, 130 feet in height. This tree now measures in circumference, without the bark, at the base, 84 feet; 20 feet from the base, 69 feet; 70 feet from the base, 43 feet 6 inches; 116 feet from base and up to the remaining bark, 39 feet 6 inches. The full circumference at base, including bark, was 90 feet. Its height is 331 feet. The average thickness of bark was eleven inches, although in places it was about two feet. This tree is estimated to contain 537,000 feet of sound inch lumber! To the first branch it is 137 feet. Its aspect feelingly recalls to mind "that eternal youth of nature which is an inexhaustible source of motion and life."

A short distance from the above lies the prostrate and majestic body of the "Father of the Forest," the largest tree of the entire group, half buried in the soil. This tree measures in circumfer-

ence at the roots, 110 feet. It is 200 feet to the first branch, the whole of which is hollow, and through which a person can walk erect. By the trees that were broken off when this tree bowed its proud head in its fall, it is estimated that, when standing, it could not be less than 435 feet in height. Three hundred feet from the roots, and where it was broken off by striking against another large tree, it is 18 feet in diameter. Around this tree stand the graceful yet giant trunks of numerous other trees, which form a family circle, and make this the most imposing scene in the whole grove. From its immense size and the number of trees near, doubtless originated the name. Adjoining its base is a never-failing spring of cold and delicious water.

The "Husband and Wife" are a graceful pair of trees, that are leaning with apparent affection against each other. Both of these are of the same size, and measure in circumference at the base about 40 feet, and in height are about 252 feet. A short distance further is "The Burnt Tree," which is prostrate, and hollow from numerous burnings, in which a person can ride on horseback for 60 feet. The estimated height of this tree, when standing, was 330 feet, and its circumference 97 feet. It now measures across the roots 40 feet. "The 'H-rules,'" another one of these giants, is 95 feet in circumference, and 320 feet high. The "H-rules," a lovely tree, is 818 feet in height, and 60 in circumference.

Besides these, other trees in the group have been named, from their fancied general appearance, the "Old Maid," the "Old Bachelor," the "Pioneer's Cabin," the "Siamese Twins," the "Mother and Son," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the "Pride of the Forest," the "Two Guardians," and the "Three Sisters."

The Mammoth Tree Grove was visited by M. de Beauvoir, who thus relates the impression it left on him:

"Early in the morning we started to go and see the *Wellingtonia gigantea*. We were not incredulous; but I confess that I had never thoroughly believed in the *Wellingtonia* of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham."

"After two hours of climbing by winding paths, we arrived at the summit, where these beautiful trees stand. We were obliged then to yield to the evidence before us. No words can give an idea of the sight which met our eyes; I was perfectly overwhelmed. We looked like pignons beside these giant of the vegetable world. Our most majestic oaks, the loftiest firs of the Alps and the Pyrenees, the gum trees of Australia, would look like dwarfs in their shade."

"There are 612 of them, almost in one clump, rising like gigantic columns 300 feet high. While seeing them you can do nothing but admire. But I must give you a few figures; and here are those published by the Scientific Commission sent by the State to measure these trees."

"The 'Grizzly,' which is the first, is 38 feet in diameter, and 360 feet high. The first branch is 230 feet from the ground. All those which surround it are of nearly the same dimensions. What centuries must have been needed for them to rise so high above the virgin forest! But only think of 360 feet!—twice the height of the tower of St. Jacques! higher than the cross on the dome of the Invalides! and the summit of the towers of Notre Dame might be sheltered under its lowest branch!"

"Thirty-six feet, if I mistake not, is a very good length for a ballroom in Paris. Fancy, then, a perfectly round room, 108 feet in circumference, hollowed out of a single tree, and the floor of this room made in one piece! Is not this wonderful?"

"We spent a long time in this extraordinary wood, worthy of the days of the Titans. Unfortunately the Indians used to encamp here formerly, and the fires lighted at the foot of many of the trees have left large charred patches on their thick bark. But the sap of these monarchs of vegetation, eternal as their eternal verdure, has withstood time and fire. Four, however, have fallen. One of them we walked four abreast along its whole length, and we measured 221 feet up to its first branch. A other caught fire soon after its fall. The interior of the trunk alone was consumed; the bark, several feet thick, knotted, and saturated with damp, remained intact. We entered this wooden tunnel on horseback, and could not touch with outstretched arm the vault overhead. Imagine four horsemen riding into this huge cask!"

"Repeating the age of this grove there has been but one opinion among the best informed botanists. By counting the number of annual rings in a transverse section, it has been ascertained that these monstrous trees must be three or four thousand years old!—W. N. Lambdin.

Written for The Better Way.

WARNING WORDS.

BY E. L. HANLON.

Know you my child, that above all things, there exist for us a continuation of our present life beyond the grave, and in that world, which is more real for us than this is to us now, you live a new and more enlarged life. Your body is material, being composed of the elements which form this earth,—but that is not you as you really are, as your body is but an envelope which covers your spirit body; and as you encourage your material body in all the desires which your flesh cares for, it develops evils which are detrimental to the spirit. An over excess of any of these desires will bring pain to this body and will surely deprave the spiritual one; for while the flesh looks for that which pleases the physical senses, the spiritual is fed upon all the things which are spiritual and which are derived from love for everyone and everything, such as unselfishness, kindness, gentleness, purity of thought, trust in others, and many things which come from love. So you see how necessary it is that we

do not let this physical body get too gross or material, for such excesses bring forth what is known as evil.

Good is the highest development of knowledge, which purifies the spirit, and evil is the opposite extreme of undevelopment, or want of knowledge, which includes selfishness, anger, envy, greed, jealousy, ingratitude, unkindness, and a great many other agents. All these so-called evils are caused by a lack of knowledge of the laws of nature, which call for justice to both the spiritual and the physical body. In this spiritual body there is one part which contains all the elements of the whole body and which is called the spiritual brain, which affects the physical brain, and which, if understood, should always guide the spiritual body.

Knowing that the spiritual part is superior, so should we seek to keep the physical one in subjection, for we leave the physical body behind us when we are born in immortality.

Over indulgence in that which we give back to the earth again inflicts the spiritual body for that heaven we realize so much in knowledge rounded spirit.

All the happiness or misery we have in a soul condition, independent of physical things, so when we pass away from earth it is not always going away, for our position in spirit is dependent on the use we make of our knowledge of what must be our duty on earth. As there are extremes of conditions on earth, so we find it in spirit. As some make a heaven for themselves by their perfect following of the moral and physical laws of nature here, so also do others make for themselves a hell sometimes as dark and terrible as the opposite is beautiful.

Those who have made a heaven of harmony in themselves and all their surroundings, find in spirit its exact counterpart, lacking the limitations of circumstances of the flesh. While those who have profaned the body, that sacred casket of the soul, with selfishness, or a thousand crimes against nature, will find a hell many times more terrible than any fancy can depict, than to live over again the undeveloped part until a ray of light, through self-advancement, lift the darkened soul above the consequences of their own mad acts.

"Do you know what old Skidmore used to do to tell whether his maid servant had been stealing sugar?"

"N; what did he do?"

"Why, shut up a fly inside the bowl. If it was still there on his return, he knew that the cover had probably not been very long off!"

Mamma—Gertie, don't make such a noise. You never smack your lips like that at home.

Gertie—Well, we never have any thing at home to smack our lips over.—Texas Siftings.

"What are you putting about, Johnny?"

"Billy's real mean." "What's the matter?" "I eat all my candy, and Billy won't give me any of his."—Harper's Young People.

Autumn Rain.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Drip, drip, drip!
How sullen the autumn rain!
Drip, drip, drip!

Like tears from the eyes of pain.
Oh, not with the promise of new buds growing,
And not with the murmur of limp streams flowing,
Like bands of sapphire in sunshine glowing,
But declarations for early sowing.

Drip, drip, drip!
The rain drops strike my heart,
Drip, drip, drip!

Then play, with wondrous art,
Such low refrains for the sweet dew dunes,
And waiting strains for the woodland posies,
On, times of blooming with such sad closest
Well, thus end our snatches and reposes.

Drip, drip, drip!
Who is there like such night?
Drip, drip, drip!

Black hangings o'er God's lights!
Drip, drip, drip!

I look in vain where two stars are shining,
I hunt for clouds which show silver lining,
And see but orange-bands looping and twining.

As it some mourner did sky designing,
Drip, drip, drip!

Drip, drip, drip,
Down on the landscape aere!
Drip, drip, drip!

Over us swirls bare!
On we plod through the sleet and raining,
All the mud we must bear disdaining,
Bidding our feet move quick and willing,
Though the days are rainy and dark and chilling.

Drip, drip, drip!

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Old Orthodox Hymn.
"His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me,
Then look upon him and be saved,
He who's nailed to the tree,
His blood atones for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace."
—English Hymn Paper.

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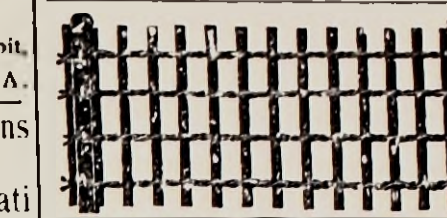
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OUR DUTY.
G. FOLEY.

Life is a mystery. Which is happier, the one whose last days are as his infancy, whose faltering steps are aided by staff or crutch, or the little babe whose life is gone even before its little lips have learned to smile, or its eyes to brighten at sight of its loved ones? "Here in this world, where life and death are equal things, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. Why should we fear that which must come to all that is?" Is death only the ending of this life and the beginning of another? Is not the darkness here somewhere else a dawn? When we pass from earth, and the tomb receives us in its cold embrace, shall we ever meet again? Are the realms of the Great Beyond the final resting place for all the weary souls who wing their flight from the known to the unknown?

"Watchman, what of the night. The morning is coming, when we can solve for ourselves the vexations and worries, and heartaches and cares. But it will be when we have lain down and passed into that sleep that knows no earthly waking. We will have crossed the threshold of another world, to hold sweet communion with the departed who used to visit us, and beckon to us to join them on the other side of the deep, rolling river. Fathers who have grown old and feeble, whose gray hairs tell that the snows of many winters have fallen, and ere many more shall pass will cover them in some quiet graveyard; and mothers, poor, tired mothers, who have given their life's best days to their children, and who are sometimes said to have outlived their usefulness, but who are our best friends, all will "enter in through the gates into the city," never more to toil, and suffer, and sorrow.

We see in the distance a mountain whose summit is lost among clouds of every tint, and which course about in the sky as if seeking a resting place. Through the clouds shines the sun, and his rays strike down the sides of the mountain and far out over the broad expanse of air enveloping the earth. Shrubs and trees of verdant beauty grow on this mountain, and roses of great fragrance grace the many paths that lead to its summit. At the foot of the mountain a stream of crystal water flows from beneath and through the meadows, and is lost to view in the distance. Below this mountain is a valley growing with lilies and various flowers, and gay-plumed birds flit about singing gaily, and the path that leads through the valley to the mountain is lined with fragrant flowers, and is carpeted with mosses. Beyond this valley, there is a level plain, presenting sometimes a rather barren appearance, and still farther away is another valley, rugged, dismal, and lined with shrivelled vegetation and dead men's bones; and farther on, the valley leads on to a precipice and is lost in a gloom that cannot be penetrated by the eye. Many people are on this plain, and many are traveling through this valley of flowers, and toiling up the mountain toward the summit, which is surrounded by a golden halo from the sun. Many people are traveling through the valley of bones, and others are falling over the precipice, apparently being unable to see whereon to walk. What means this?

We see a field of roses, blooming under an azure sky, and walk through it, unconscious of the time, and not noticing the faint black cloud, that grows larger every moment, until it over spreads the sky and shuts out from view the sun whose rays dazzle our eyes, and give a beautiful splendor to the field of flowers. Pearl after pearl of thunder crash in the air, and vivid flashes of lightning around and about taken the approach of a storm. The birds quit their nests and hush their songs, and wander aimlessly through the sultry air. As we hasten through the field, no longer caring for the roses, which we found to have thorns, we hear the distant murmur of running water, and soon find at our feet a swiftly flowing stream of great width, pursuing its noisy course. The storm is upon us, and we see no refuge, till casting our eyes far out upon the river's troubled waters, we see a boatman rowing toward us. We enter the boat, and it rapidly nears the other shore. The storm begins to subside, the clouds disperse, and the sun again sends forth his welcome light. "Such is life," says the boatman; "it may be pleasant at first, but troubles and cares appear to cloud the happiness, and the end is often gladly welcomed. But what a comfort it is to know that across the river it is joy, and peace, and sunshine, and troubles never come."

We see in the distance a graveyard shaded by drooping willows and bended oaks. We enter the yard, and as we pass along we read the names of men and women, humble and illustrious, engraved on modest slabs of snow-white marble. We are intoxicated with the fragrance of flowers which grow on every haud. We drink from the crystal waters of the river of Freedom, flowing by the mountains of Liberty, through

this land of Rest, and winding its glittering course far back into the land of Life. We pass out of the graveyard, pensively, and the stately oaks still wave their branches in the breeze; the weeping willows bow still lower; the flowers throw out their fragrance; and the rustling wind scatters the yellow leaves on the graves of those who have done their duty.

We look beyond the skies, far into the land of spirits, and see a long procession of soldier boys, marching down the golden streets of the Eternal City, while an unseen choir sings gently and lovingly that ever-contenting song, "Home, Sweet Home." The procession arrives at a gate of pearl, it opens, and an angel appears and reads from a book with silver leaves and golden clasps. At the conclusion the gate is opened, and the angel exclaims: "Your names are recorded in the book of life; enter into the joys of them that did their duty."

We look again, and see another procession of those who have suffered and died for the cause of humanity. They wear palms of victory in their hands, and crowns of roses and laurels upon their heads, and their garments are as the snow. And the pearly gates are opened unto them, and they enter into the abode of the just, of those who did their duty.

Let us live for something, for the good that we can do, for the upbuilding of ourselves and others. And when our spirits shall have been waited to the bright world above, where there is no more weeping, nor sorrowing, there we can quench our thirst with the living waters of the fountain of Freedom, flowing from the great white throne of Truth, and partake of Life everlasting. Our mortal dust may be covered with the soil of the valley of Rest; our graves may be watered with the tears of human love; forget me nots and evergreens may be planted on our graves by the hands of earthly friends, and freshened and revived by the dews and rains of heaven; the autumn leaves of yellow and gold may fall and shield them from the chilling blasts of winter; the murmuring stream may lose its motion, and earthly brethren may forget us, but up there, in the Spirit Haven, we will know that our names are written in the Book of Life, and the record sealed with the seal: "They have done their duty."

Prospectus of "The Arena."

THE ARENA is a new monthly magazine, devoted to the discussion of living issues by the ablest thinkers of the day. As the title indicates, THE ARENA will be a field of combat where the great intellectual giants of to-day will defend those principles which appear to them to be founded on truth, justice and wisdom. There has never been a time when so many vital, social, ethical and political questions have pressed upon society as at the present hour—great issues that seriously involve the very life of our free institutions, as well as the moral and social well being of society. We are passing through a crucial period; the past, with its prejudices, and the future, with its aspirations, are in deadly conflict. From open and free discussion alone can we hope for the ultimate triumph of right. Truth has nothing to fear but everything to gain from free discussion—reason is the handmaid of truth, the protector of liberty. Hence, the management of THE ARENA are enlisting the ablest representative thinkers among conservative as well as liberal thinkers to discuss the problem of the hour.

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The Immortality of the Soul.
Concluded from Page 1.

a dominant idea. And this is the reason why the spiritual world wants to convince mankind of the errors of the old religions. The dominant idea may blot out the spiritual sensation.

I don't want to tire you, but I want to put this thought home. A dominant function of faith can chain the functions of the soul in spirit life. There are millions of souls in spirit life waiting to see Jesus—that is the dominant idea. And this dominant idea closes the gate against the new relation that awakens the spiritual consciousness. This spiritual consciousness can only be awakened by the freedom of instinct and cultivated reason, when these capabilities are fully emancipated from dominant illusions. And then you blame the spiritual world for antagonizing the faiths of the world. Why, we want to kill the faiths of the world that spirits may be conscious when they come into this world. It is this grand realization of freedom that dictates our action, as the mother labors with her child, the father with his son, to awaken their soul to lively soul vigor, the moment it steps upon your social plane.

When I first entered the spiritual world my mother met me on its threshold. She touched me with her angel fingers and it brought magnetism and emancipation. It awakened my consciousness, it brought phenomena to my being, and the first impulse of my soul was my greatest thought, and my greatest thought had been to comprehend in my earthly state the teachings and doctrine of Spinoza. I said to my mother, "Can I see Spinoza?" The dominant thought. If that thought had been a little stronger it would have kept me blind and dark, but I broke down the chain, my mind was free, and the phenomena of the magnetic spheres touched my soul, I knew that I was dead to the illusions of my imagination, the dreams of my fancy gave place to active phenomena.

We shall all have these thoughts—death will come to all. It is death that rules the relative consciousness. The inner, essential consciousness is there, but it is the active, external consciousness that man comprehends to-day, but natural immortality is the heritage of all. We cannot die, we live on and on and on and on into the endless. Live, then, as becomes a man with an endless heritage.

Written for The Better Way.

A Spirit Brother to His Sister,
THROUGH MRS. S. B. KUTZ.

Oh, my precious Sister Maggie,
By the lifting of the hand,
I have passed again the mountains
Of my own my native land—
I have crossed the wondrous prairies,
And have spanned the rushing tide,
And in spirit, darling, Maggie,
I am standing by your side.

In the sunset land, dear Maggie,
And the golden accident,
I was forced to leave my body
By the fearful accident—
'Twas the outward of my being
That my friends can see no more,
But myself am safe, dear Maggie,
On life's everlasting shore.

And by aid at last, dear Maggie,
Of a pure and gentle one,
Shining in her beauty, Maggie,
Like the snow beneath the sun,
I have neared a mortal being,
And with an electric thrill
Have subdued her hand a moment
To obey my spirit's will.

And I send a message, Maggie,
To the loving ones of earth,
To the old home on the hill top,
And the authors of my birth;
And I say to you, dear sister,
That the shadows flee away,
That the darkness all is passing—
Maggie, it is almost day.

For, the anguish of your lifetime,
To your spirit shall be bliss,
When the erring cease from troubling,
And the straying feet shall rest—
Now, the gates are closing, Maggie,
And I leave my power to tell
All the sweet things I would whisper,
But, I'll come again—farewell.

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DEAR DR. DONSON—I am happy, indeed, to express to you the gratitude I feel for benefits received through your remedies.

When my treatment commenced with you two months ago, no one familiar with my case, including my physicians, seemed to regard my recovery probable—scarcely possible. Had been seriously sick for ten months previously, with a complication of troubles, involving liver, kidneys, stomach and heart, causing feet, limbs and body, to the waist, to blot to the extent of the skin to bold. This, with great difficulty of breathing and sleepless nights, combined to carry me almost to the extreme limit of earth life. To-day, through the aid of my brother man, in keeping with the blessing of heaven, I am once more enabled to walk among my fellows in my usual health, and to labor several hours each day, as a rule, with all bodily functions nearly restored to their normal state.

The suddenness with which my condition was changed from one of extreme suffering to that of quiet and comfort, seems to me almost miraculous, provided that were admissible. Three or four days were sufficient to produce this radical change and carry me beyond all seeming danger.

Yours most truly,
W. W. SWICK,
740 Main St., Fond du Lac, Wis., Oct. 28, 1889.
See ad. in another column.

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